YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

U.S. HITS NAZIS IN FRANCE

See page 2

A LETTER FROM HOME

Somewhere in Australia an American soldier reads his mail

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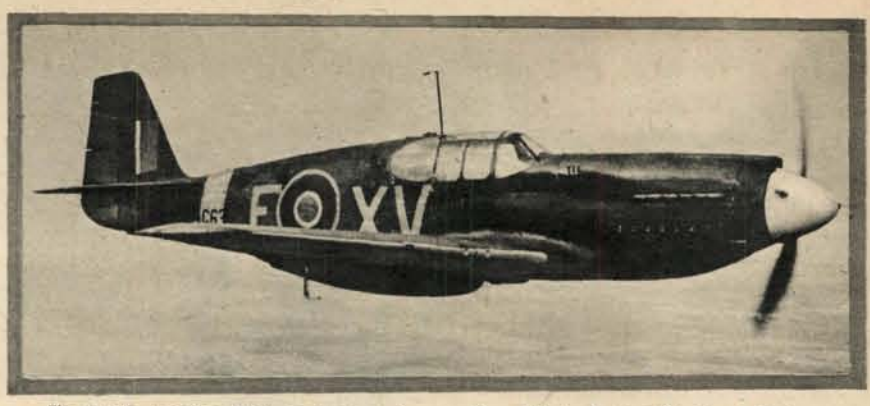
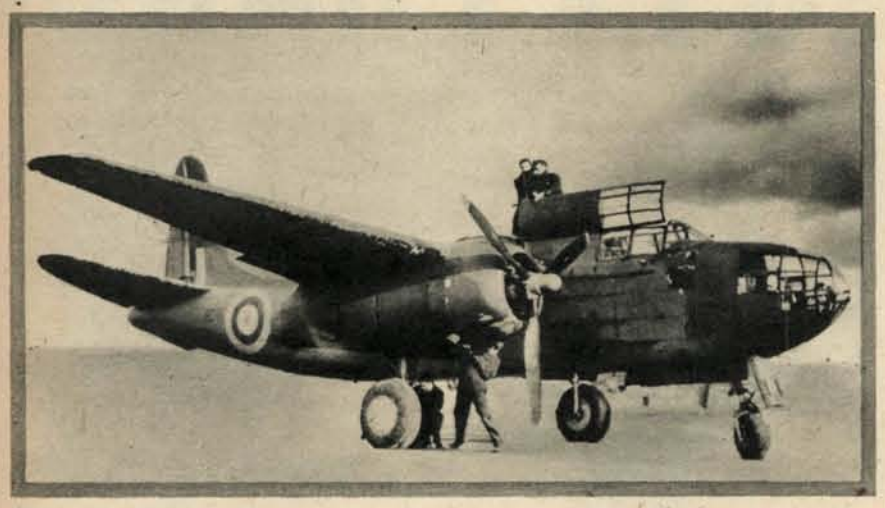
Gen. Arnold Reports "Successful Action"

AS EVIDENCE piles up from the world's battle fronts that American airmen are getting ready to give the Axis the works, there is proof, too, that they have the right stuff to do it with. For the most part outnumbered, United States planes make up the difference by their performance. Soon the balance will be even.

Lieut. Gen. Henry H. Arnold, Commanding General of the U. S. Air Forces has the facts. "American combat airplanes have met the test of modern war," he states. "They have won victories over every type of enemy aircraft." No one need get nervous about Messerschmitt 109s or Zeros. Excerpts from General Arnold's report:



The North American P-51, or Mustang, is a medium-altitude fighter, like the P-40. It was announced officially from London that it has given an unusually splendid account of itself in action over the invasion coasts of France and Germany. In one attack, a British pilot flew his Mustang through an enemy radio antenna between two pylons. Another pilot described the sturdiness of the Mustang as "wonderful."



The Douglas A-20, two-engine attack bomber, known as the Boston, is one of the war's striking examples of versatility and all-around efficiency. It was with the new model, the Boston III, or A-200 that the American Army Air Force pilots made the first AAF raid on the continent, blasting Nazi installations to celebrate July 4. In fifty-two raids by Bostons in Northern France, only one failed to return from its mission.

The Curtiss P-40 has met the enemy on every United Nations front before and since the entry of the United States into the war. Known to the British as Tomahawks, Kittyhawks and Warhawks, the P-40 series have made a good showing in Russia, have acquitted themselves splendidly in the Southwest Pacific and in China. The Kittybomber, a Kittyhawk with a bomb rack, played a new role in the British counter-offensive in Libya.

The Bell P-39 or Airacobra, a medium altitude fighter, has been defeating enemy fighters and bombers up to a height of five miles, well above its intended range. A report from Russia has stated that a squadron of P-39s engaged and destroyed seventy-three German airplanes with the phenomenally small loss of only two planes. German aircraft are notoriously reluctant to close with these fast, deadly cannon-firing fighters.

The British have called the B-24 Liberator bomber one of the finest military aircraft yet produced. These American bombers were built with an eye to vast distances, and were designed for daylight bombing of specific military targets. The B-24 has played an outstanding role in the Battle of the Atlantic, attacking German subs and supply ships. B-24s have scored in the Mediterranean, successfully attacking the Italian fleet.

In the B-25 (above), as well as the B-26, the United States has a pair of medium bombers that definitely outclass anything in the world. The B-25 gained lasting fame in the Tokyo raid. It previously had demonstrated its power, however, when 10 B-25s, with three B-17s flew 2000 miles from Australia to the Philippines to attack the Japs. The B-25s ran away without trouble from the best pursuits the defending Nipponese could put in the air.

The B-17, or Flying Fortress, America's first line long-range bomber, has gained world fame in the present war. Japanese Zeros have engaged it when it was unescorted and have come out the losers. There is the well-known example of Captain Wheless, whose aerial gunners fought off a sustained attack by a squadron of Zeros during a running fight of more than seventy-five miles.

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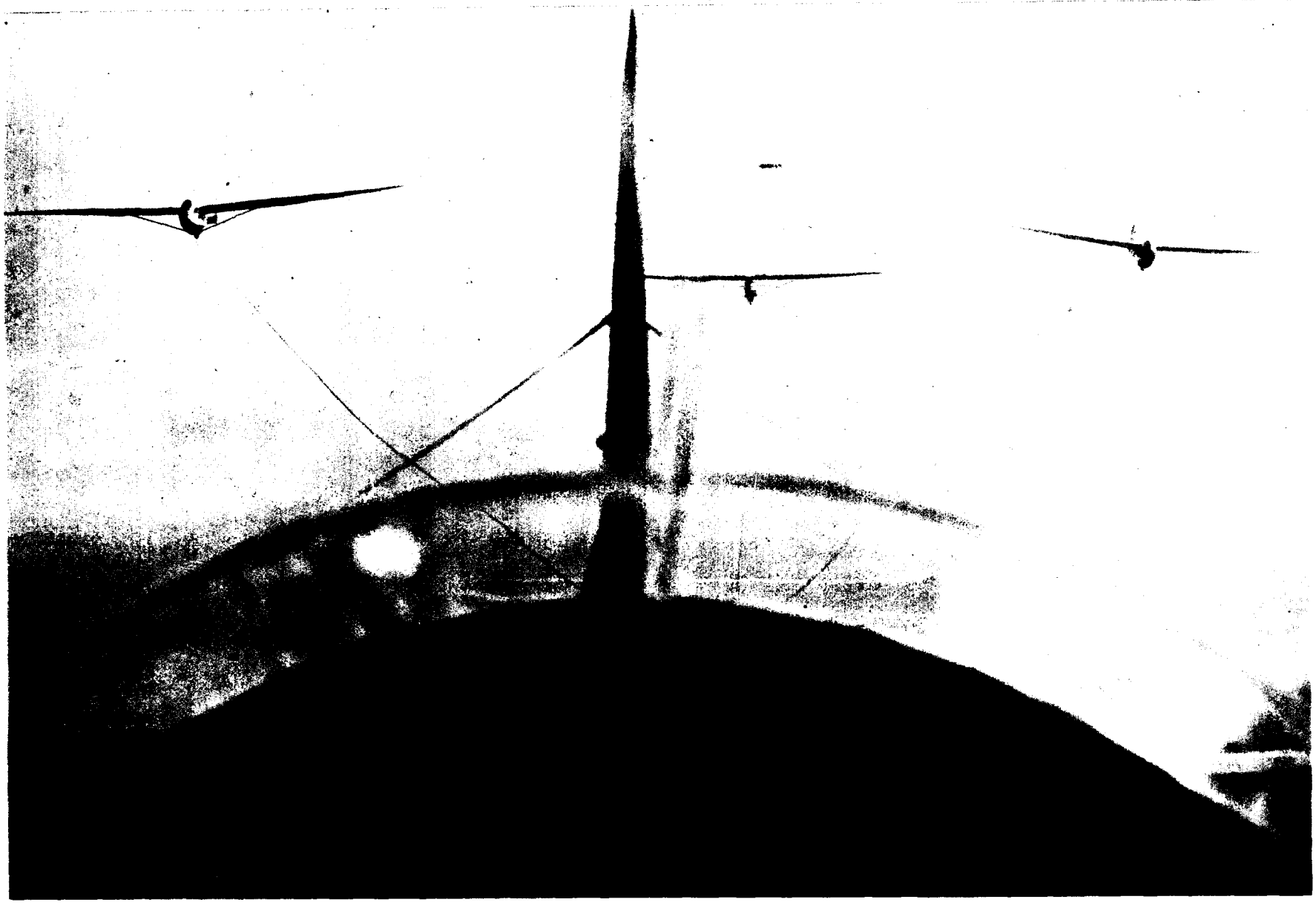
U. S. Prepares "Air Invasion Barges"



From the power plane you're looking back at three gliders in a triple tow. At 4,000 feet the gliders were left on their own.

by Sgt. Lloyd Shearer, YANK Staff Writer

OVER the great knoll that forms the seaward side of Suda Bay on the Island of Crete came the gliders. They were German gliders, towed in trains behind troop-carrying planes. They carried ten men, twenty men, and each one, attached to the mother plane by a cable, had the wingspread of a passenger machine.

It was May, 1941, and the glider-troops were something that the world had never seen before. There were thousands of gliders, carrying an estimated 15,000 troops. As they came in over Crete from the Aegean the glider pilots slipped their cables and sent their buoyant craft whistling down on the rocky earth of the English-held island.

The New Zealanders who saw them coming in, said they were more sinister and more menacing than the parachutists. Many of the gliders, their pilots unable to find decent landing terrain, crashed, killing their occupants. But more gliders came on, and from them sprouted men of the Flieger Korps, the air-borne division, to take Suda's airfield and drive the English back.

Gliders No New Weapon

Crete was lost to air-borne divisions, and the gliders had played a large part in the victory. Gliders were not a new military principle, however; our own Army and Navy had experimented with them in the early 1930s. But the Germans had put them to their first important use, and this fact was not unreasonable. After the last war, when Germany was forbidden planes, she turned to gliders as a means of escaping the limitations of the Versailles Treaty.

The nucleus of the present German air force was built up by the late Ernst Udet, who turned out more than 200,000 glider pilots. Glider training was treated to a large-scale expansion by the Nazis, who made it compulsory in many schools, and long-range German planning finally bore fruit in the valleys of Crete.

At present between 12,000 and 18,000 glider and parachute troops—approximately a division—are trained in Germany every year, all of them specialists and quite distinct from air-borne infantry. Glider pilots, too, are in continuous training at schools set up in suitable terrain.

German glider and parachute regiments are made up the same way. Each is made up of three battalions (4 companies each—three rifle companies and one for heavier equipment, such as machine guns and mortars), plus two extra companies (one with 75mm howitzers, one with 37mm anti-tank guns). One wing, divided into four groups, with each group consisting of twelve squadrons, is assigned to each glider regiment. The ordinary, bird-of-all-work German glider carries ten soldiers in full equipment, and an additional 10 are carried in the tow plane. A larger glider, the Gotha Go 242, having a wing span of 79 feet, can carry 23 soldiers along with two pilots.

Having seen what glider troops could do, the Allies acted fast. On June 2, 1941, Crete was a lost island. On June 3, 1941, 12 U. S. Air Force officers were assigned to a three weeks' course in glider flight training at two private glider schools. The War Department was very anxious to evaluate the military possibilities of large gliders.

Most of the officers had never seen a glider. They had to start from scratch and there was a great deal to learn. They discovered that an ordinary sport sailplane, which is an engineless, high-performance aircraft, is of not much use for military purposes. The value of gliders is a utilitarian one. Aerodynamically they are inferior to sailplanes, which can soar 20 miles from a height of one mile. A glider is lucky if it can soar 13 miles.

Gliders ride on either downward air currents or on what are called "thermals," which are formed by heated air rising from the ground. Because of the value in flight of these thermals, gliders perform most satisfactorily in hot stretches of desert which are surrounded by mountains. Each glider dashboard contains a variometer, which shows the pilot whether he is in a downward current or in a thermal.

A glider is launched by being towed behind a vehicle—a jeep or an ordinary passenger car—until it can reach a speed (from 25 to 45 m.p.h.) at which it can take the air. On a take-off the small, 300-pound ships rise to a height of 50 feet before pointing their noses down so that the tow-rope can get some slack and be removed.

U.S. Army Starts to Glide

As soon as the 12 officers made their report, things started to move. They had to move fast. In 1941 there were only 154 glider pilots in the U. S., and though the country could boast 75 glider clubs, there were less than 200 soaring craft to be found between San Francisco and New York. Within a year we have accomplished much with gliders, but no one is saying just how much.

A clue to the tremendous increase in Army glider pilots comes from a new War Department ruling that the Army Air Forces will no longer accept for glider training any applicant who has not had previous flying training or at least 200 glider flights to his credit.

This new ruling is in sharp contrast to the directive announced last June 1 which permitted any physically sound Army man, 18 to 35, to apply for glider training. The Army, however, has been so swamped with requests for transfer to glider schools that it has given up the idea of nurturing inexperienced men and has decided instead to concentrate on those who can handle motorless planes.

There are now numerous glider schools scattered over the country. A good example is the New Lockbourne Air Base, outside of Columbus, Ohio. Every student at Lockbourne is a non-com or an enlisted man who has had previous flight

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training. They get four weeks of pre-glider school which consists of 30 hours in the air, and 32 hours on the ground. They've done night flying, blind flying by instruments, co-ordination maneuvers of "S" turns, spiral wing-overs, lazy eights, spins and recoveries. They've had thermal and ridge soaring and are familiar with updrafts and upcurrents.

Sometimes they even fly in formation. A very exciting maneuver is the complete loop-the-loop, as exciting in a glider as in a 1924 biplane. There is no training, however, in the thing glider pilots dread most — a storm. In a storm a glider pilot, being without a motor in his craft, is helpless, at the mercy of the winds.

Moving up to glide

At Lockbourne the men fly as early as 5 A. M. and as late as 2 A. M. Their training gliders are one-, two-, and three-place jobs, towed off the ground by a jeep or a plane. If they are towed by a plane they are usually taken up to 1000 feet before they're cut loose to soar.

Gliders drop a wing to lose altitude quickly, and glide downward to gain speed, which can reach 90 miles an hour. Lockbourne has some of the finest runways in the country, and it is a frequent occurrence to see four jeeps racing abreast down one of these runways, four gliders shooting into the air behind them.

Gliders are so much like birds that it's almost impossible to get into any serious trouble with them, unless the ship stalls and goes into a spin. Even then any half-fast pilot can pull his glider out if it's not too close to the ground. An unusual accident took place at the glider school at Twentynine Palms, Calif., when two pilots, practicing a dogfight—which is rather out of the run of glider accomplishments—were killed as their planes touched wings and crashed.

Occasionally a pilot soaring around may get caught in a comparatively violent thermal and be unable to come down. This is not necessarily dangerous, but it can become terribly boring. A sergeant in training at Lockbourne had this experience, and was inconvenienced to the extent that he had time to write what he described as a "short novel" to the lady of his choice.

Flying in Silence

Sudden rainstorms or shifting winds are apt to give glider pilots occasional bad moments, but when things are going smoothly a glider can theoretically stay in the air for several hours and cruise up to a distance of 400 miles. Glider pilots whose sole previous contact with the air has been to the music of a high-horsepower motor find that the most unusual thing about sailplaning is the absolute silence, broken only by the whistling of the wind.

At present the Army has 18 primary glider schools turning out men who have had pre-glider training, and more schools will probably be added. The Army has become very glider-conscious. On completion of his courses, the glider-pilot-candidate receives glider pilot wings and is made a staff sergeant, though a selected number of the most promising pilots are commissioned as second lieutenants.

It's no breeze to be a glider pilot, though. Before a man can be considered for one of the schools he must present proof that he has (1) a CAA private grade certificate, or (2) a lapsed certificate, providing it didn't lapse before last January, or (3) has made a minimum of 200 glider flights, properly attested, or (4) has put in at least 50 hours flying time, either dual or solo, at any service flying school.

Interior of new 15-place troop-carrying glider

Student glider pilots receive $75 a month, as do aviation cadets, while they are training, in addition to their clothing, food and room (all G.I.). Those who are made staff sergeants will eventually pull down $144 a month, including flight pay, and those who are made shavetails will pick up $225, plus allowances. The sergeant pilots may eventually be given ratings as flight officers and, along with the commissioned officers, will wear distinctive wing insignia. Glider pilot physical examinations are tough, although a candidate can get away with a vision of 20/40 without glasses, as long as a set of store peepers will correct it to 20/20.

The Army is fully conscious of the advantages gliders have over ordinary transport planes in surprise attacks. Gliders cannot be detected by automatic listening devices. They can land in relatively short distances, and are ridiculously cheap to build, being made of non-strategic materials — mild steel, plywood and fabric—all relatively plentiful even in war-time.

It has been estimated that 1250 powered planes, pulling 3750 gliders, could land an AEF of 200,000 men in Siberia, of all places. Gliders, of course, use no fuel, and American factories are now engaged in turning out jobs that can carry up to thirty fully-equipped soldiers. Two infantry divisions, the 82nd and the 101st, stationed at Camp Claiborne, La., have already been turned into airborne divisions, and will eventually be landed, for the most part by gliders, at some point which as yet is locked in the heads of the General Staff.

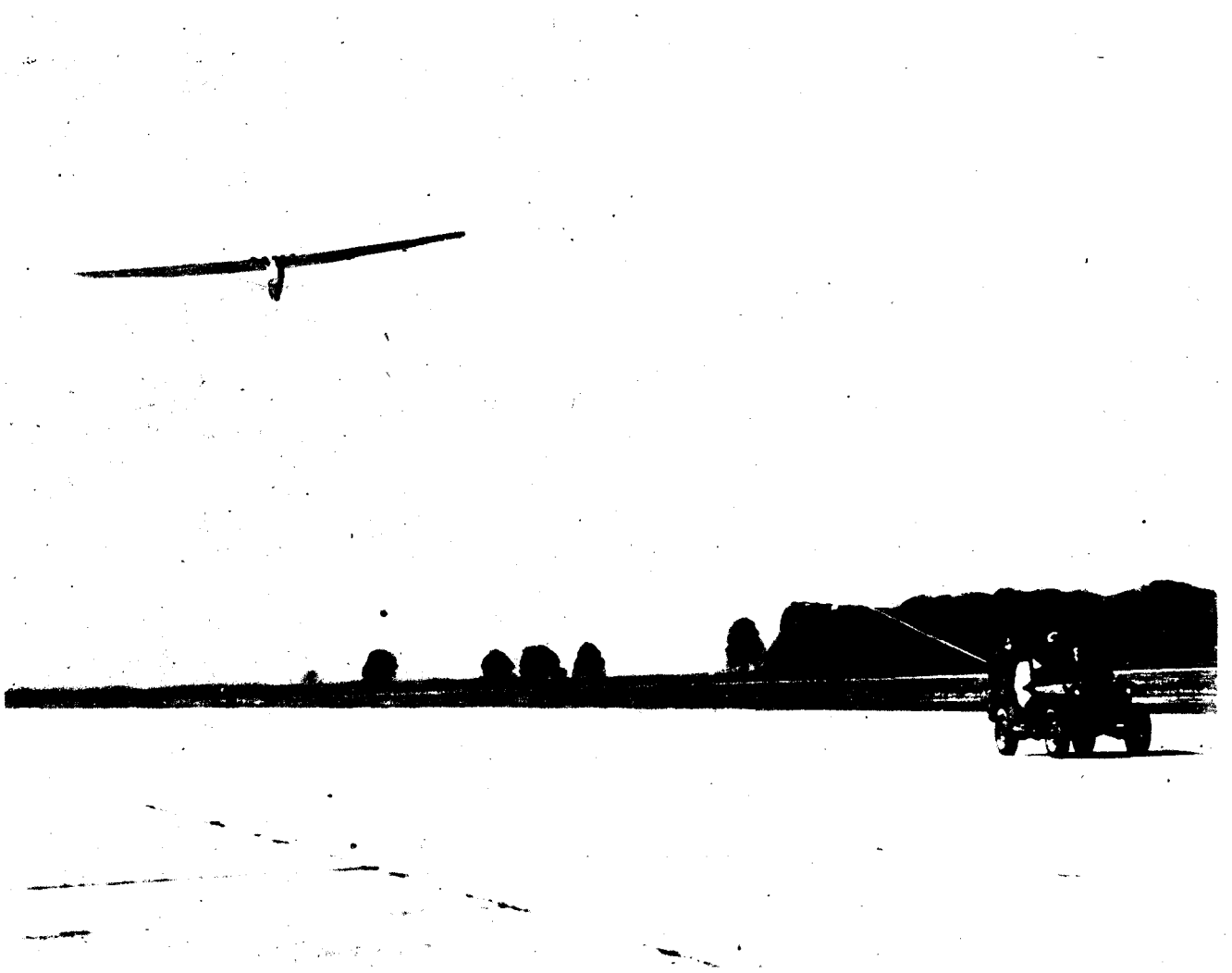
Last July 28 a single engined light plane swooped out of the sky at 100 miles an hour, leveled off at 12 feet above the du Pont Airport at Wilmington, Del., and snatched a glider and three passengers into the air without a tremor. The Army feels that with an Army pick-up system such as this it would be possible to transport troops or materiel to places too small or rugged for the landing of regular airplanes. After the gliders had been emptied they could be picked up by fast, low-flying tow planes and hauled back to the base for another load, ad infinitum.

A Growing Air Arm

To the U.S. Army, gliders are still new and strange, but the Army is learning fast. American ingenuity will overcome the original advantage gained by German aviation and eventually surpass it. At the training schools the glider pilots rush through their training; soon they will be carrying American freight or Yank fighting men to the places in which they can do the most good or harm, as the case may be.

Glider pilots, recruited from all branches of the service, are excited about their work. They act like mothers with a two-week-old baby. Not all of them, though, have had the experience of a former Broadway actor, now training at Lockbourne. He got caught in a squall not so long ago and was blown fifty miles off his course, such as it was. He finally landed behind a farmer's house.

"I looked around," he said later, "and there in the back yard, taking a shower, was a girl. She was naked. Boy, I never envied a pigeon till now. These gliders come down as soft as a snowflake, and as quiet, too. Naked."



Not only the power plane but also the jeep gets the glider into the air.

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Cable From Australia

Pocket-Size Kangaroos, Winter in August, Lady Bartenders, Saloons Where They Give You a Shave and a Haircut, and a Course in Spelling.

By Sgt. E. J. Kahn, Jr., Yank's Australian Correspondent
(By Radio)

SOMEWHERE in Australia — Although we find it hard to believe that we aren't back in the United States when our topkick yells at us for being late to reveille, we are easily reminded that we're camping in Australia when we hear a rustling in the woods and realize that the commotion is being caused not by rabbits or woodchucks but by wallabys—pocket-size kangaroos that hop impudently around our tents, sometimes pursued by a squad of denim-clad beaters and a few eager hunters optimistically brandishing bayonets.

This is open season for kangaroos, but none of us has yet caught one of these expert hedgehoppers merely by running after it and yelling. One lieutenant colonel, however, did bag a 'roo on a somewhat more formal hunting expedition, and hung it head down next to one of our canteens, like a deer in a butcher shop around Christmas time.

It would be possible to live in Australia for a long time without ever seeing a kangaroo except perhaps in a zoo, we were disappointed to learn when we arrived down under expecting to find the animals all over the place, like military police.

From what we've seen of the country in our three months here, we've judged it to be surprisingly normal and, all in all, about like our own. Of course, the seasons are reversed: August is a winter month, for instance, January a summer one. Local citizens like to tell us Yanks (they all call us Yanks) that Christmas is often one of the hottest days of their upsidedown year. We got used to the topsy turvy weather quickly, just as we got used to the novelty of having New Zealand somewhere off to our East, rather than innumerable miles westward, where our elementary geography teachers had led us to believe it would always be.

Australia has several large, modern cities, more or less like ours except that traffic moves to the left, or at least what little traffic there is with the severe gas rationing. The cities are filled with both men and women in uniform; in addition to lady members of auxiliary military services, there are dozens of feminine streetcar conductors and drivers. With a great percentage of the country's physically fit manpower on war duty, many bars, even, are tended by gentle old ladies who dispense beer (rather bitter and deceptively strong) with polite, grandmotherly gestures. A place called a bar, incidentally, is apt to sell milk, and one called a saloon to be a barber shop.

A young admirer offers an American soldier a ride

American soldiers are a common sight in all the larger cities, and don't attract much curiosity any more except in out of the way towns, where small boys still ask for our autographs and try artfully to wangle U. S. insignia off our blouse lapels, something many of their big sisters have already shown they can do with more success. Australian girls seem to approve of us wholeheartedly, although there's still some doubt as to whether it's the man or the uniform.

There already have been a few international marriages, and hundreds of minor romantic maneuvers have been conducted to the evident satisfaction of both sides.

Australian soldiers are constantly amazed by the extensiveness of our individual equipment, and listen with wonder and admiration to an enumeration of the items in one of our barracks bags. An Aussie can carry his belongings for at least a hundred yards without resting, a clear ninety-yard advantage over us. From time to time there have been Aussies stationed with us and we meet many more, of course, in the towns we visit on pass. It took us a couple of weeks to get used to the way they talk, but after a while we had no trouble understanding them. We've had more trouble with the spelling used down under, finding it hard to think of tires as "tyres" or jails as "gaols." Although the Australians don't like to be thought of as being British, they cling to such old English verbiage as persistently as Lewisite.

They don't, moreover, say "two weeks," preferring the classier term fortnight. This expression caused one Yank, a corporal from Brooklyn, to think mistakenly for awhile that the Aussies were the most frequently paid troops in the world.

"Know what?" he exclaimed shortly after we landed on these distant shores, "I just been talking to one of them Aussies and he told me he gets paid every fourt' night."

Before Winter came to Australia, these American soldiers did a bit of gardening near a gun emplacement

New Guinea Native Merchants Give G.I.'s The Old Shake Down

Yank Special Correspondence

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—This may be a primitive island but the natives are smarter than a loan shark when it comes to separating American soldiers from their money.

Souvenir hunting G.I.'s are being sucked into paying three dollars for grass skirts that used to sell for 20 cents worth of licorice candy and 35 cent carved swagger sticks are going like hot cakes for $1.50 and two bucks.

In fact the natives are getting so rich easy on Yank Army money that the authorities can't make them do hard labor any more at the regular rate of 35 cents and two plugs of tobacco a week. Tobacco down here is precious and one plug of it can be traded for a bunch of bananas, 30 betel nuts, a pineapple, a dozen sweet potatoes and four yams, which ain't hay in anybody's language. But the local drug store cowboys turn up their noses at American cigarettes.

Fresh meat is even more valuable than tobacco. Anybody with a scrap of fresh meat wouldn't barter it for a first mortgage on Radio City, even if you threw in the orchestra from the Rainbow Room and the Music Hall Rockettes doing the latest in precision routines. Good fresh fruit is cheap, though, and the mess sergeants are handing out plenty of it at every meal.

One of Australia's many pocket-size kangaroos—adopted as a mascot by these Yanks

The welcome "visitors" on parade Down Under

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The marines land a gun.

Japs Feel First of U. S. Armed

WHILE RED ARMY RETREATS TO MOUNTAIN INFLUENCE, MALTA, U. S. FORCES MOVE INTO

IT TOOK nine months, nine months following Pearl Harbor, but this was the week we hatched a war. This was the week we started giving them hot-foots. This was the week we started throwing our weight around.

For the first time, A-A-F fighter squadrons swarmed over Europe on educational sweeps with British and Canadian flyers to give the Yanks the feel of the air in Hitlerian skies.

For the first time, American fighter pilots met the enemy over Egypt. The A-A-F was teamed this time with the British and South Africans.

And for the first time, the U. S. waged a full-scale offensive. It broke with incredible fury over the Solomon Islands in the South Pacific, and thus the Japs felt the first really stinging blows of growing American armed power.

There were indications that the Nazis soon will not be slighted of this hitherto rare privilege.

But the Japs were really getting it in the neck. For a long time, they had complained they were being "encircled," and their wolf-cry of peacetime was becoming a war-time reality. No matter which way they looked, the Japs could see a ring of steel gradually closing in.

The U. S. Navy pounded at Japheld Kiska, in the Aleutians, at the very time the fleet went for the Solomons. United Nations bombers left bases in Australia to strike at the Japs in New Britain and New Guinea at the same time that our men in India flew over the Bay of Bengal to attack Burma. The Yank Sky Dragons operating in Japan's own backyard in China have forced Japan to rush guns, planes and supplies to China in unprecedented quantities, and has done something equally important in the East—made the Japs lose "face."

RUSSIA

Spotlight Still on Russia

Although the U. S. definitely showed greater strength, the Red Army still bore the brunt of the land fighting against the Axis. The news from Russia was still bad.

Kuban wheat and Maikop oil were the heaviest of casualties for the Russians to sustain. The Grozny fields were also threatened. One Nazi column headed for Astrakhan, on the Caspian, hoping to cut off the Volga at its mouth. Further north, the Nazis approached Stalingrad, on the Volga elbow, from both north and south in a typically Nazi encircling movement.

Marshal Timoshenko, commanding the southern Red Army, his forces now almost split in two, apparently decided to defend Stalingrad in the same way that Leningrad and Moscow were defended, even though the city named for Joseph Stalin has few if any natural defenses. But his Caucasian Army was unable to make any sort of stand anywhere between Rostov and the Caucasian foothills, and now it faced the grim task of holding the Nazis back from the greatest prize of all—the fields of Baku, which produce a good 70% of Russia's oil needs.

The fate of the Soviet Black Sea Fleet was also at stake. For the Black Sea, this fleet is of imposing strength. The best estimate of its size is that it consists of one battleship, one airplane carrier, two or three heavy cruisers, from eight to 11 destroyers and some 35 submarines. It is commanded by Rear Admiral Oktyarbrsky, an old sea-going revolutionary who has studied every bay and inlet of this stretch of water.

Deprived of its main base at Sevastopol, the Black Sea Fleet moved to secondary bases at Novorossisk and Batum. The Nazis are too near to Novorossisk now for comfort, and the fleet's sole usable base is at Batum. Thus another heavy duty of the

ADMIRAL OKTYABRSKY

Caucasian Army was to keep the Black Sea Fleet from becoming homeless, and thus keep the Black Sea from becoming a Nazi lake.

The Russians still hoped for the opening of a second front in western Europe to relieve Nazi pressure in the Caucasus. It was mainly to discuss this aspect of the war that a momentous four-day conference was held in the Kremlin by Russian, Britain and American leaders.

Stalin was host at the conference, and it was on his invitation that Prime Minsiter Churchill flew to Moscow, stopping incidentally en route at Cairo. It was the first time the two leaders had met. President Roosevelt was represented by W. Averill Harriman, American lend-lease administrator in Britain. British military leaders present were Gen. Sir Alan Brooke, chief of the British Imperial Staff, and Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell, British commander in India. Major Gen. Russell Maxwell, head of the U. S. military mission to Moscow, was also present, while Marshal Vorolshilov spoke for the Red Army.

The conference deliberations were naturally secret, but in an official British-Soviet communique it was stated that a "number of decisions" were reached. "This is a just war of liberation," the communique added, "and both governments are determined to carry on with all their power and energy until the complete destruction of Hitlerism and any similar tyranny has been achieved."

MEDITERRANEAN

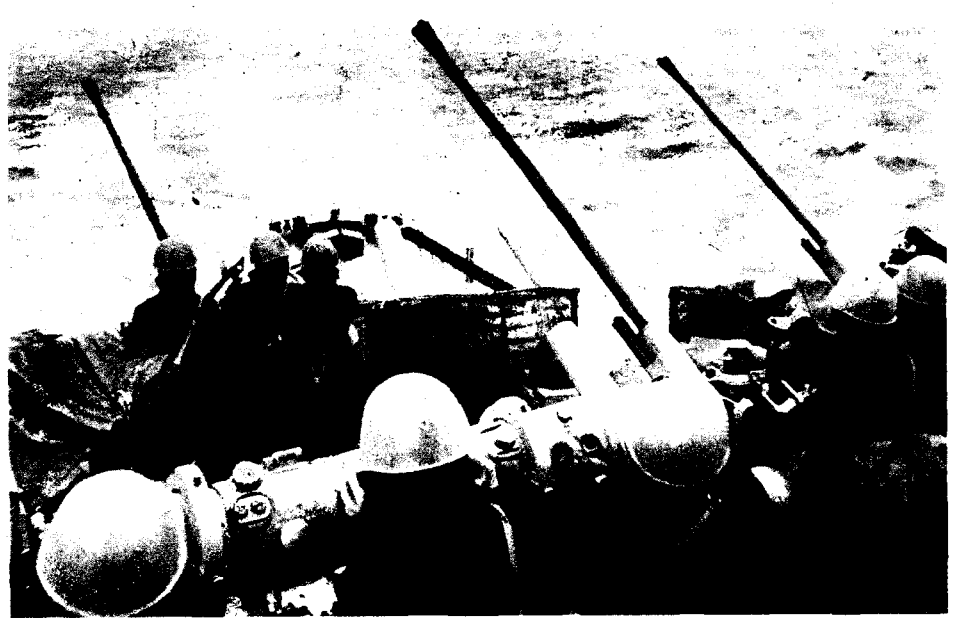
Mare Nostrum "Action"

The Mediterranean, which Benito Mussolini boastfully calls a "Roman Sea," was again the scene of a violent sea-and-air battle. A huge British convoy steamed through the Straits of Gibraltar on its way to Malta, Britain's island "aircraft carrier" just off the heel of Italy. No such convoy could possibly go past Gibraltar without being spotted from Spanish shores. By the time it reached the Straits of Sicily the Nazis in Italy were ready to give the merchantmen and warships a serious three-day pounding.

The main Italian fleet started out from the Tyrrhenian Sea to attack the convoy, then thought better of that plan and returned to protected waters. The Axis attacks were made solely with swift torpedo-carrying E boats and planes. Berlin and Rome vied with each other in exaggerating the British losses. The Admiralty in London admitted the sinking of one cruiser and the aircraft carrier Eagle, plus the loss of some merchantmen. But the important news was that a large part of the convoy did get through and that a reinforced Malta would still contest Axis claims of controlling the Mediterranean.

Benito Has His Troubles

Mussolini made much at home of his Mediterranean "victory," and never was a man in greater need of something to brag about. Il Duce, besides having his troubles with Italian soldiers who stubbornly insist they don't want to fight, had difficulties at home too. His own handpicked Fascist Party membership has been getting restless, with the result that he dropped some 66,000 Fascists from the party's rolls. Moreover, there was a hint in the Rome radio's



Action from a Russian Black Sea Fleet AA battery.

Leatherneck landin

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announcement of this sizable purge that some of the 66,000 had been "immobilized" in concentration camps. Here was convincing, documentary evidence that Italians, like Frenchmen and Poles and Czechs, were also in the mood to revolt against Nazi rule.

OCCUPIED EUROPE

Occupied Europe Seethes

Action also in the occupied countries was of a different kind, to be sure, from that in Russia and the Mediterranean, but it was nevertheless helpful to the Allied cause.

Near Rotterdam a German troop train collided with a fuel train. In the resulting explosion 44 freight cars, 19 tank cars and two locomotives were destroyed and a "large number" of Nazi soldiers were killed. Gen. Friedrich Christiansen, Nazi military governor of the Netherlands immediately rounded up 1,600 Dutch hostages and announced a deadline for the surrender of the saboteurs responsible for the train wreck. None surrendered, and the Nazis began their reprisals by shooting five men.

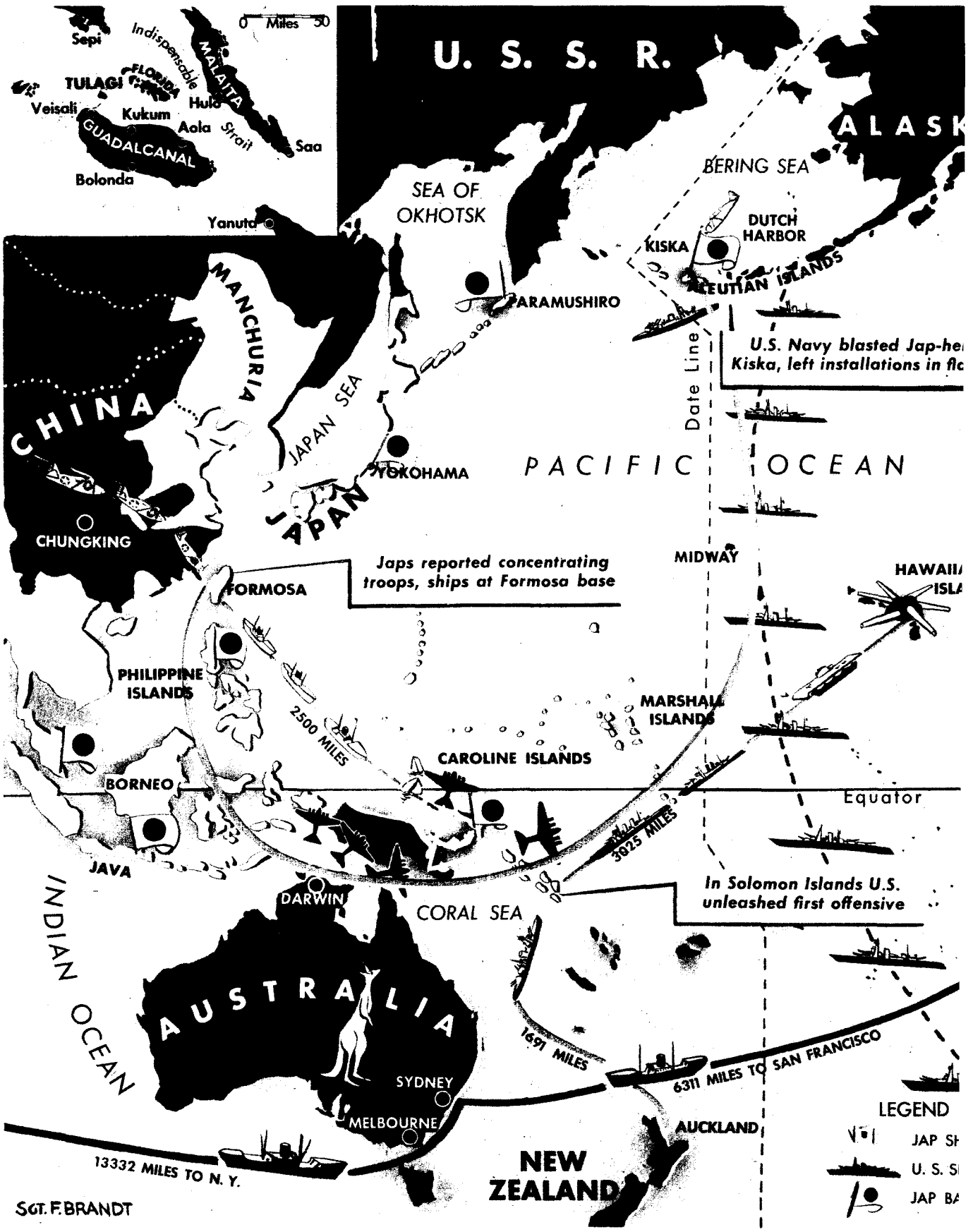
In France an auto factory was burned, a German labor recruiting office in Paris was bombed, shipping canals were put out of order and a plot to blow up the chateau of pro-Nazi Pierre Laval was discovered. Even more serious, a bomb was thrown at 60 Nazi aviators exercising in a Paris stadium; the blast left two flyers dead and 18 injured. Maj. Gen. Oberg, chief of Hitler's Elite Guard in Paris, ordered the execution of 93 "terrorists or accomplists."

THE PACIFIC

In the Solomons — Fresh Blood

Most of the week's developments on this war-waging globe were really only chapters of continued stories. The Solomon Islands story, on the other hand, was brand new. Not only were the eyes of America on these isolated spots in the south Pacific. The rest of the world, which realizes full well that its final deliverance from Nazi and Jap domination depends so utterly on the U. S. fighting man, also anxiously looked on.

It was in a tropical setting of listless palms, blazing hibiscus and Bougainvillea that U. S. forces hurled their first offensive of World War II. Curiously enough, the scene for this opening assault was a group of islands long noted for their cannibalistically inclined inhabitants. In fact, the most recent exciting Solomon Islands event, before the coming of the Japs early this year, was the festive eating of a British High Commissioner back in 1916.



On shores washed by the anything but peaceful Pacific live Eskimos as well as headhunters, cannibals as well as vegetarians, white men as well as black, yellow and brown men. First U. S. offensive of this war took place on the exotic Solomon Islands. Latest news was that the U. S. had gained control of Tulagi Harbor and had won 5,000 square miles of territory.

The Solomons are a chain of islands some 900 miles long just south of the Equator and northeast of New Guinea and Australia. They were the Japs' most southeastern point of invasion. The deep harbor at Tulagi, one of the best in the Pacific, could shelter supply ships, transports and naval vessels. Air fields cut out of jungles could base planes that flew over U. S. lines of supply to New Zealand, New Caledonia and Australia. And there was no doubt that the Japs were developing both naval and air bases.

From the very first a conservative Navy Department, cautious in its communiques, made no grandiose claims. The story had to be bled from between the lines.

After operations had been under way for three days, Admiral Ernest J. King, COMINCH of the U. S. fleet, announced that landings had been made, that U. S. marines had met stiff resistance and that we had one cruiser sunk, plus two cruisers, two destroyers and a transport damaged.

Later communiques were as terse. Landing parties were "holding their own." Marines had "consolidated positions on three key islands in the Tulagi area," from which map-readers presumed that the marines had landed on the islands of Tulagi, Florida and Guadalcanal. Later, the marines were said to be "progressing satisfactorily," while still later it was said that "naval units are engaged in protecting our lines of communication and escorting supply vessels to our occupying forces." At last it was announced that shore positions were "well-established," that a number of Jap prisoners were taken and that 36 Jap planes were destroyed.

True Picture Clouded

Axis reports of the fighting did not add much. Jap propagandists went haywire, made absurd claims of damage inflicted and gave distorted pictures of the action. Finally, however, they did admit that the marines had landed and, moreover, admitted that they were in the process of landing before the Japs suspected their presence. From Melbourne, London, even from Washington, came a flock of optimistic stories imagining what was happening, but until the Navy issued its account all other versions could be set down as speculative.

The action was not without its price. The Navy warned that casualties would be heavy, and scarcely a week had passed before Australia announced the first arrivals of wounded. The Battle of the Solomon Islands might continue for weeks. Roadless, mountainous, jungle islands are not captured overnight. But beside all these sobering details could be recorded the fact that the U. S. and its allies were thrilled at this first World War II exhibition of American offensive power.

on a South Sea shore.

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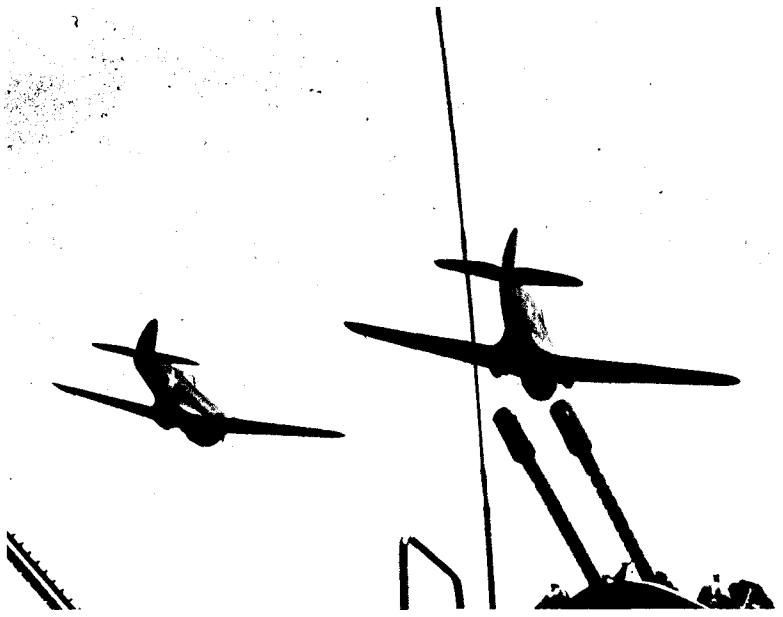
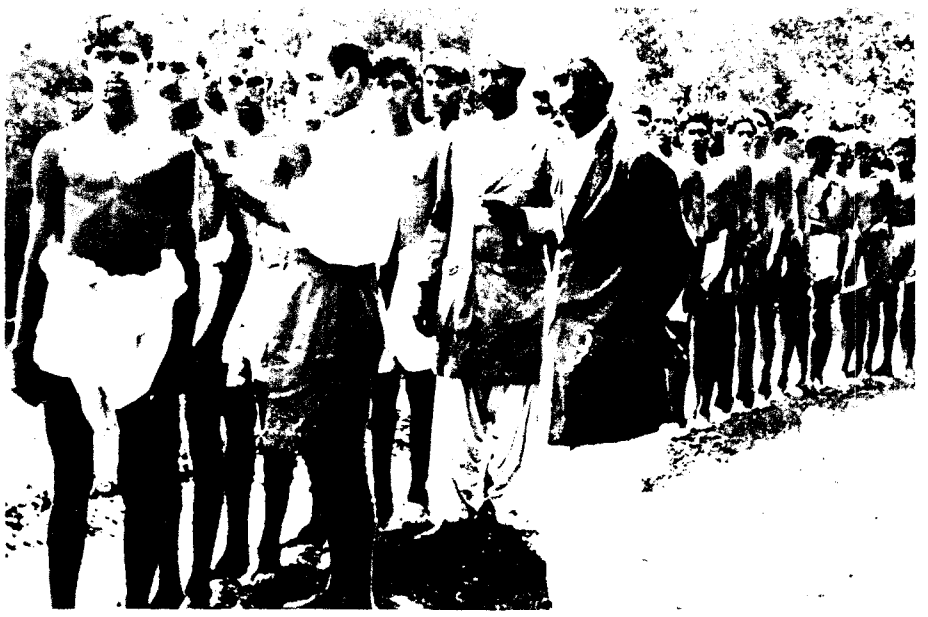


Army planes soar over guns of PT boat at Toboga, near Panama Canal



In Punjab region of India, Army volunteers line up for vaccinations

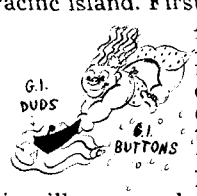
Reports from a World at War

About free laundry, a general in Africa, triple trouble for Japan, tea in the desert, a Brooklyn bombardier, an anniversary, India, and jungle warfare in New Guinea.

COLIN KELLY'S BOMBARDIER was Cpl. Meyer Levin of Brooklyn. That was in December, 1941. From the Philippines, Levin was sent to Java and later Australia. Meanwhile he was promoted to sergeant for his performance at the bombsight. Now it appears that he has repeated his bomb-and-bail-out act. In a casual conversation with an American reporter the other day, he told how he tripped the bombs that sank a "big, fat 12,000-ton two-stacker passenger-cargo ship" in a Jap Coral Sea convoy. Coming home, the big plane ran into heavy weather, the fuel ran low and two engines quit. The captain ordered the crew to bail out. Levin parachuted down in the pitch dark—and made a painful landing on top of a big ant hill.

"STRAFER" GOTT overcame a Germanic name to become one of the youngest lieutenant generals in the British army and also its greatest expert on the Western Desert. The 44-year-old general soon lost his first name, William, when soldiers recognized his desert-fighting ability and nick-named him "Strafer," German for "punisher." General Sir Claude Auchinleck admitted that the main weight of Rommel's desert attack "will fall on Strafer's broad back." Six foot two and built like a heavyweight boxer, Strafer had the back and the brains to stall the Afrika Korps. He once said of the desert: "To him who knows it, the desert can be a fortress; to him who does not, it can be a death trap." A cable to London last week told of Strafer's death when his plane was shot down in a routine flight over the Western Desert he knew so well.

FREE LAUNDRY has its drawbacks for a topkick stationed on a South Pacific island. First Sgt. Wallace McAnulty of San Diego made friends with one of the local native chiefs. As a gesture of friendship the chief gave Sgt. McAnulty three of his villages, made him chief of another and ordered his wife and daughters to do all the topkick's laundry free. Sgt. McAnulty thought the free laundry idea just dandy until he saw the natives washing his G.I. duds. He described it thus: "The women all go down to the river and beat the devil out of the clothes. Then the little boys pick up the buttons. I'm beginning to feel that I'd be better off doing my own."



ONE YEAR AGO the gray hulks of two ships knifed through North Atlantic fog. President Roosevelt was on one of them, the U. S. cruiser Augusta. On the other, the British battleship Prince of Wales, was Prime Minister Churchill. As the ships neared each other, engines were stilled, anchor chains clanked. The governmental heads of the United States and Great Britain thereupon went into a series of conferences out of which came an eight-point program of war aims and post-war objectives. It was known as the Atlantic Charter.

In the year since that Charter was drawn up, Pearl Harbor was bombed, Singapore, the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines fell and the war went badly for the Allies. But in a message to Prime Minister Churchill on the first anniversary of the Charter, President Roosevelt reaffirmed the principles of the charter as a basis for "our hopes for a better future for the world." The message brought quick response from the 28 United Nations on every continent and from the oppressed peoples in enemy-occupied territories.

TEA DRINKING has become so popular among American tank crews now in forward positions on the Alamein Desert in Egypt that they're drinking more of the British beverage than the British soldiers. "When you've gone a long time without a meal, as often happens," said Capt. Bill Bailey of one of the desert units, "you cut a gas can in half, put some sand and gasoline in one part, light it, dump your tea and water in another and brew up. It gives you a lift." So close are the Yanks to Nazi tankmen that one General Grant's radio receiver blared: "Hello Tommy. This is Jerry." The American radio operator yelled back: "Hello Rommel. This is Watkins Report my signal strength."

THREE AIR FORCES soon will be hammering at the Japs from China. Only a year ago about all General Ho Kuo-kwang, head of China's air force, had in the way of air power were a few old Russian planes. But then the A.V.G.'s came, followed a few months ago by the U. S. Army 23rd Pursuit Group and a batch of gleaming bombers. At a dinner in Chungking, winding up the observance of Air Force Day, R.A.F. Squadron Leader Max Oxford announced that British planes also would be added to China's increasing air pool. Jubilantly, General Ho Kuo-kwang declared: "Last year on this day, I trembled in a dugout when Japanese planes droned overhead. This year we are comfortably eating here. This day next year, we would turn on the radio and hear that the Chinese Air Force bombed Tokyo in the morning, the United States Army Air Forces bombed Tokyo at noon and the R.A.F. completed the day's job in the evening."

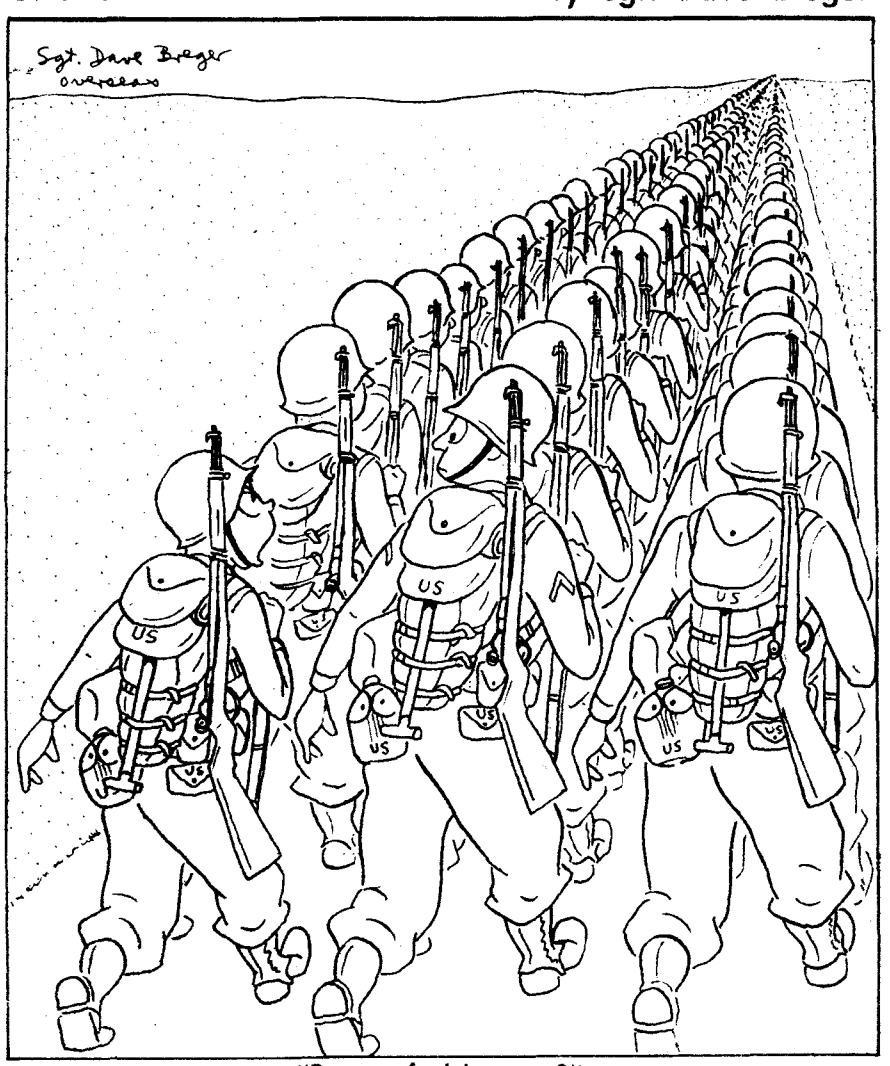
JUNGLE WARFARE at its toughest is being fought by United Nations soldiers defending Port Moresby from the Japs in New Guinea. Over some stretches of the world's densest jungle growth, walking is slowed to four or five miles in as many days. The jungle is so dense that one can be lost if he strays 50 feet off the path. So strenuous is progress that white men can pack no more than 15 pounds and the Japs must carry even less. One Allied soldier hid in a tree 26 hours while several Japs camped at its base, never suspecting his presence. After fighting the yellow men hand-to-hand from tree to tree and bush to bush, one Aussie expressed an opinion shared by his buddies: "The little blighters aren't invincible. They squeal like bloody pigs when we hit 'em."

HANDS OFF POLITICS were the orders issued to U. S. soldiers in India, where violence and bloodshed followed the arrest of Mohandas K. Gandhi and leaders of the National Party Congress.

The orders were straight to the point: "The sole purpose of the American forces in India is to prosecute war of the United Nations against the Axis powers. . . . In event of internal disturbances, American forces will resort to defensive measures only should their personal safety or that of other American citizens be endangered or for the necessary protection of American military supplies and equipment."

American troops in Delhi were reported restricted to their barracks until disturbances were over. Peace negotiators sought a compromise while the civil disobedience campaign in the vast empire of 380,000,000 simmered down to a slow boil.

G. I. Joe **by Sgt. Dave Breger**



"Do you feel in a rut?"

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Yanks at Home and Abroad

Ballad of Ontario G.I. Clinkeroo

FORT ONTARIO N. Y. Pvt. Douglas B. Rizzick is a thorn in the side of the Fort Ontario guardhouse personnel. Pvt. Rizzick is the one customer who wasn't in love with the guardhouse from the start. He liked the one at Mitchel Field better.

Back in the old days, the guardhouse here was known as Prisoners' Paradise. Even now, when the guards are specially trained MPs and the work is made harder, it is still a haven for the weary delinquent. Men from over the hill come 500 miles to turn themselves in at the Fort Ontario guardhouse.

Pvt. Rizzick first showed up at Fort Ontario in April, 1941. He had enlisted the previous October—on Draft Day, to be exact—for service at Mitchel Field. Instead, he wound up at Camp Lee in the medical replacement center. After four months there, he said, he was a corporal and they had him cleaning latrines. So he took off.

Rizzick was no ordinary case. He complained bitterly that Fort Ontario was an Old Soldiers' Country Club and that the provost sergeant had been helping himself to candy from Rizzick's box. In May, Pvt. Rizzick took off.

The next eleven months were quiet ones for the guardhouse. Then Pvt. Rizzick turned himself in again at Mitchel Field. He came back to Fort Ontario with "Company Administration," the handbook for company clerks, under his arm.

A couple of weeks later the guards searched an outgoing prisoner and found the fruits of Pvt. Rizzick's study. In the prisoner's pocket was a letter, in Rizzick's fine hand, to the Adjutant General in Washington. "Through channels," it said.

"Under the provisions of Section X, Army Regulations 615-350, dated September 14, 1937," Rizzick wrote, "request that I will be given a fair court martial. Enlisted 1940, I put four months in Service, I was just a rookie, I thought I knew it all, I have learned a lot.

"I was in a little trouble in Syracuse, N. Y. I was intoxicated, took a coat, the case was dropped (Suspended). Kindly see I don't get a discharge AR 615-560—Par. 56.

"Kindly drop me a line for the

commanding officer to give me a break. I want to fight for my country."

The letter was considered a large and irregular pill, so it never reached the Adjutant General. Pvt. Rizzick wouldn't have been there for his reply, anyway. Three days after he wrote he took a powder.

The next Rizzick communique was to Colonel Shippam, commanding officer of Fort Ontario. "Dear Sir," said Rizzick, "I am, as you probably know by now, at Mitchel Field. Believe me Sir it seems like I am in an entirely different Army.

"In this guardhouse the men are treated like confined soldiers, not desperate convicted criminals."

There was a postscript to this: "I just can't get along with your post. . . . If you want to do me a favor send me back to Camp Lee or refuse to have me sent back to your camp.

Such a favor, decided the colonel, would be to himself rather than to Rizzick. He would have been happy to comply. But he couldn't. Rizzick was back in a few days, contrasting Ontario's proud guardhouse with the one at Mitchel Field.

A few days later the dissatisfied Pvt. Rizzick managed to fly the coop again. Within a week, he was dissatisfied with purloined civil life and he wrote to the commanding general of the Second Corps Area.

"Major General Terry," he began, "it gives me a great pleasure to be able to write this letter to you, and I sure will appreciate every thing you can do to help me."

Having finished with pleasantries, Pvt. Rizzick carved into the meat of the matter. "I am not liked at Ft. Ontario because I wrote A.G.O. at Washington for the showdown. I was only a rookie when I went A.W.O.L. I did not know much about Art. War. What could I learn in 3 months?

"P.S. Kindly send me to a combat zone. Age 29 weight 180 lbs. 5' 11". Strong, healthy."

Pvt. Rizzick wrote next to Colonel Shippam.

"Colonel Shippam, I made a lot of mistakes, we all make mistakes. 'We are at war, and we will win.' I am full of pep, I have no fear. I want to put in for Foreign Service, can you help me?"

Rizzick turned back and came again to Fort Ontario. The colonel had a talk with him. After the interview, Pvt. Rizzick renounced his sins, avowed he was reformed and promised to do better.

The colonel was wise.

"You'd better watch Rizzick closely," he told the provost marshal. "He's going into his old routine."

As this issue of YANK went to press, Pvt. Douglas B. Rizzick still had not decided to depart again from the Ontario guardhouse.

Cpl. Marion Hargrove

"The Awful Truth" —Cairo's Like Reno

CAIRO Here's a memo to U. S. troops in Egypt, or who may be there:

In an annual statistical survey, Cairo says a quarter of a million men and women of the city are divorcees. Reason is simple. Under Moslem law a man may say to his wife, "I divorce you, I divorce you, I divorce you"—and that's all there is to it. The lady has no chance of appeal, nor can she do any divorcing herself. It's a male privilege.

Other interesting facts: In the city of approximately 1,500,000, there are 3,220 street hawkers, 165 telephone operators, 8,000 donkey boys and cart drivers, 980 typists.

Enlisted men aren't encouraged to use the same hotels and bars as officers. But Australians and Americans are breaking down this barrier.

Our London Man Makes a Report

LONDON Though American soldiers are now as numerous on London streets as bowler hats, their novelty has not worn off. Londoners are still fascinated by Yank uniforms, and especially by marksmanship medals. They believe that marksmanship medals are awarded for bravery, and some unscrupulous characters have cadged slugs of Scotch (at such prices) by callously admitting that what a bored sergeant slipped them for shooting 135 was really won at Pearl Harbor for knocking down a Zero with a convenient ground machine gun.

Honest souls, protesting that their medal is for shooting 135 on the range are looked upon as rather odd, fantastically modest men, and very often get a free slug of Scotch anyway (still at such prices!).

Bar Barriers

Speaking of Scotch, there was a little trouble when Americans first showed up around London because of the quaint English custom of permitting only officers in some bars. Yanks, following the Australian precedent, proceeded to go into any bar they damned well pleased, and the English, perhaps to their own surprise, have decided that it seems to be working O.K. One soldier summed everything up neatly by saying that the only man who could tell him where he couldn't go was Mr. Whiskers. American officers have taken the side of their men in the reserved-bars controversy, though I can't say whether or not this attitude has caused any harsh words between American and English shavetails. I rather think it hasn't.

Chowhounds have been developing cases of nerves over the rumor that U. S. troops are going to get the same rations as Tommies. It must be admitted that the British Army has not been too happy over the way the Yanks are fed; in fact, it's downright jealousy on the part of the British. American privates, who have everything except bread and vegetables sent from America, have been eating better than most English officers, and reports going around about Yanks having fresh grapefruit for breakfast and four pork chops apiece for dinner haven't set too well on the average Tommie's tummy.

In line with the food situation, it's nice to note that whenever an American soldier is invited to a British house for dinner (which happens pretty often) it's good etiquette to take along a little something to help with the dinner—a can of peaches, or something like that. Many mess sergeants are bewailing sadly depleted stocks of certain canned goods, evidently filched by dogfaces who have been caught up in the social whirl of visits to private homes. It is a matter of record that a can of peaches was accepted with almost insane delight by an Earl who can claim a half page in Burke's Peerage, and it is interesting to note that the gift came from a Pfc. from Brooklyn.

Publicity for Yanks

English newspapers and magazines are full of articles about American soldiers, most of them going into detail as to how we should be treated. To date the treatment has been a kid glove affair, and the English admit that they're afraid to say anything to us for fear it will be wrong. A sergeant I talked to in a pub said he felt like some strange animal in a zoo, whose keepers were puzzled as to what to feed him and when. We are, I suppose, an odd type of fauna to the British. One thing that they cannot accustom themselves to is our haste. Most of the men in London are down on furlough or pass, and they have so much to see and such a little time to see it in that they have developed a queer method of walking which is half a run.

American slang is giving the British no end of trouble. One newspaper defined "K.O." as slang for Commanding Officer. The British are learning, too, not without a certain terror, that Yanks are apt to use words that are quite innocent to us, but which have a definitely bawdy connotation to them. This works both ways, though, and some well-bred young Englishwomen have gotten off some unbridled shockers, which are really innocent on this side of the Atlantic.

British Reaction

One London newspaper recently polled its readers on their reaction to American soldiers. Only one reader out of three had run into any of us, but those who had, thought we were good guys. Forty-one percent thought the British would be better off if they were more like us, 55% rejected the idea that we were glad to let others fight our wars for us, and 28% said, on the contrary, we were very happy when we could get someone else to fight for us. Hardly anyone thought we were too cocky.

Men in on furlough from Ireland say that the recent maneuvers there were something to tell your grandchildren about. The maneuvers lasted 8 days, and certain malcontents, who have perhaps colored events a little, say that the man who said he got two hours of sleep a day was lucky or lying. The troops in the maneuvers marched 20 to 30 miles a day, and one day, according to my informants, was worse than the entire Louisiana maneuvers. One chap said he was so toughened up that he now shaved with a breadknife, as a razor was just too sissified.

Did you ever drink warm beer in August? Don't.

T/Sgt. Burgess Scott
Yank London Correspondent

Boy meets girl in London. WAAF Violet Knox and Sgt. Vernon Cartney, of Pierre, South Dakota, keep an engagement outside service men's club.

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NEWS FROM HOME

THIS WEEK AT HOME

The Victory Machine Shifts into High Gear, Jitterbugs Still Jit, and Fall Politics Make News.

The outlook was bright this week. Coupled with the news from overseas of the first great American offensive in the Solomon Islands came word from home of the first major fruits of the unprecedented farm and production drive launched after Pearl Harbor.

Adolf Hitler once laughed at our productive capacity. "By the time American production reaches its peak," he said, "the war will be over, and the Americans will be making cargo planes to transport our goods."

This week, Adolf Hitler began to eat those words.

Benito Mussolini once laughed at our farm program. "America expects to produce enough grain to feed the world," he said, "when there has never been enough to feed the millions in America's slum-ridden cities."

This week, Benito Mussolini began to eat those words.

For this week the Office of War Information announced that the output of all munitions for the first six months of 1942 was 50 percent greater than *all* production during the year 1941. Forty war plants, scattered throughout the nation from Seattle to Florida, received "E" pennants for completely surpassing all production schedules. The Ford Bomber Plant at Willow Run began to turn bombers off the assembly line at the amazing rate of one per hour. California shipyards began to turn out 10,000 ton Liberty ships at the amazing rate of 42 days, 200 days ahead of schedule. All merchant ship tonnage increased 133%. And tank production was 77 per cent greater than during the entire year 1941.

This week, too, Secretary of Agriculture Wickard announced that the United States would set all time records this year in almost every crop.

The Department of Agriculture listed the prospective yield as being no less than 21 percent higher than at any time in the history of the country.

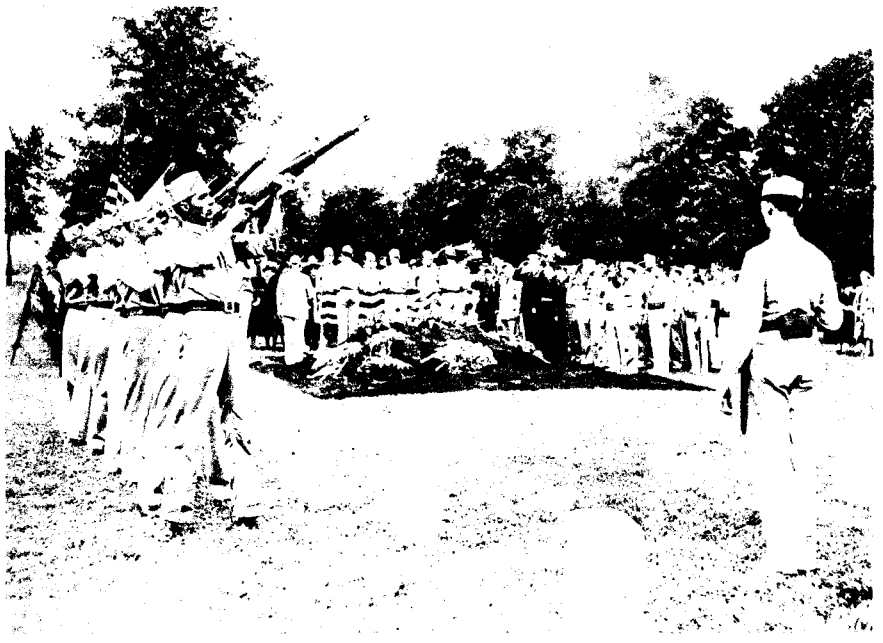
Corn production was estimated as totaling 2,753,696,000 bushels; wheat, 955,172,000 bushels; and oats, 1,331,511,000 bushels.

Livestock hit a peak in June and July. And there was such a surplus of dried fruits all over the country, that the government froze the 1942 crop, to make it available to our armed forces and our Allies.

So the great ponderous machinery that will eventually grind out a United Nations victory, this week began to function fully for the first time. In low gear, true, but functioning. It was a milestone in the history of the war. Yet most Americans went about their lives—working, laughing, worrying — not even conscious of the week's biggest news. The undercurrents that make up the bloodstream of America flowed on.

In New York, the news of the Solomon Islands victory sent the stock market soaring to the highest peak in months. In Chicago, a controversy raged over whether or not the war had done away with the jitterburg or hepcat. In Bayonne, New Jersey, a wildcat strike at the General Cable Corporation, in defiance of the unions and the War Labor Board, forced the Navy to step in and take over the management of the plant. In Hollywood, German-born Marlene Dietrich received a special Treasury Department citation as the film capital's leading war bond seller. Phillips Holmes, the former movie star, was killed in a Canadian plane crash. Thirteen-year-old Margaret Fitzgerald was named Freckle Queen of America in New York. And a district court in Albuquerque, New Mexico, awarded a lingerie shop proprietor named Maudie Lee Clark, $309 in compensation for a sprained hand received in fitting a girdle on a customer.

William Dudley Pelley, the Silver Shirt leader, convicted of sedition on 11 counts, was sentenced to 15 years in prison. The FBI sent its chief trouble-shooter, E. J. Connelly, to Chicago, to handle the Grand Jury arraignment of six German-Americans accused of assisting the Nazi



A last salute for Sgt. Edward F. Younger who selected the Unknown Soldier of World War I. Younger was buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

People Back Home—

Waukesha, Wis. — Mrs. Minnie Mueller is an amateur chinaware decorator. When she comes across the label "Made in Japan" on a dish, she paints it out and etches "Remember Pearl Harbor" in its place.

West New York, N. J. — James Tito, 61, celebrated the 25th anniversary of his enlistment in World War I and decided to try it again. The Army told him he was too old.

Chicago — In the Middle West's first general blackout, some 50,000 square miles in Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Indiana were darkened for half an hour.

Pasadena, Calif. — Clarence C. McCoy, rushing across the street to help a woman who apparently had fainted, met a policeman who handed him a ticket for jaywalking.

Holbrook, Ariz.—The agricultural quarantine station reported that westbound traffic along U. S. Highway 66 has dropped 53 per cent below the same period last year.

Astoria, Ore.—Prices on Albacore tuna jumped to $415 a ton. Retail fish dealers in Portland stopped selling fresh tuna.

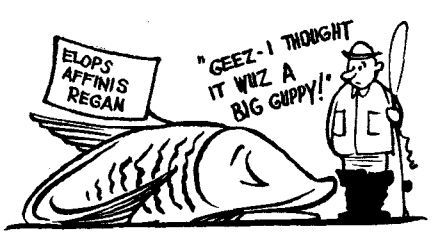
New York—Police announced they are still investigating the case of Justice Joseph Force Crater, who mysteriously disappeared on August 6, 1930. Most of the detectives originally assigned to the case have long since retired from the department.

Nashville, Ind. — Russell Nash, owner of the Old Hickory Paddle Company, estimated that he and his helpers produced 8,000 paddles last year for college fraternity initiations. He dreamed up his business at school, when as an Alpha Tau Omega pledge he was given the job of replacing broken paddles.

Helena, Mont. — Montana's work in the "Avenge Pearl Harbor" drive brought in more enlistments than the neighboring states of Wyoming and Idaho combined. The score: Montana, 72; Idaho, 40; Wyoming, 20.

Portland, Ore.—Dr. Hermann Rauschning, Nazi-exiled former president of the Danzig Senate, predicted that German morale will crack "sooner than people in this country believe."

Ridgecrest, N. C.—The Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Conference adopted a resolution calling upon all Christian forces in U. S. to institute "a genuine determined movement to bring about the entire prohibition of liquor traffic for the duration of the war."



Tule Well, Ariz.—Dan Drift, puzzled about what sort of fish he had caught, sent it to the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service. The Service's prompt answer cleared everything up. The fish was an elops affinis regan.

New York—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, told a meeting of instructors and students that the war was caused by "collapse of public morality."

West Yellowstone, Mont. — Ex-President Herbert Hoover, food rationing chief of World War I, celebrated his 68th birthday in his usual way: fishing.

Elizabeth, N. J.—Mrs. Lilian M. Kreis of Cranford received her divorce, waived the alimony and said she didn't want her husband to have to pay the $125 court costs.

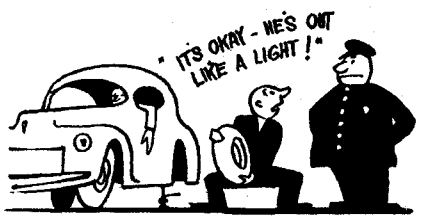
Philadelphia—W. C. Caley, manufacturer of hair-curlers, had 28,000 pounds of "scorched" rubber on his hands. The Army couldn't use it, the wholesaler wouldn't take it back, the scrap dealers wouldn't pay what it was worth, and the War Labor Board wouldn't let him use it himself.

San Quentin, Calif.—San Quentin Prison put 3,000 prisoners on their honor as the huge penitentiary for first-termers complied with the West Coast dimout order. The 3,000-watt lamps of the prison yard were turned out for the duration.

Chicago—Captain Thomas Duffy of the Central Police banned racing forms and scratch sheets from newsstands on the Loop. "The Daily Racing Form" declared intention of taking the matter to court.

Detroit—Charged with a blackout violation, William Goodman, president of a poultry company, told the court that he turned out all the lights but a chicken chewed a cord dangling into its crate and switched on the current. Suspended sentence.

Rutland, Vt.—Health officials announced plans to guard against contamination of the city's water supply. Several miles of salvaged barbed wire will be stretched along brooks that feed the municipal reservoir.



Pratt, Kans.—A first-aid instructor asked a student what he would do if he came upon an automobile with the driver slumped over the wheel. Came the answer: "If he were conscious, I'd remove him from the seat and apply treatment. If he were unconscious, I'd jack up the car and remove the tires."

Nowata, Okla. — Things looked woozy all afternoon to Cliff Harmon, who thought something he had eaten must have made him sick. He worried until after supper, when his barber called to tell him he had picked up another man's glasses in the barbershop.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Henry Grotyohan, butcher, charged with leaving a neon sign burning during a city-wide blackout, called his act "plain carelessness" and asked the court to give him the maximum fine of $25. The court fined him $10.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Hotels taken over this week by the Air Forces replacement center: St. Charles, Breakers, New Belmont (all on the Boardwalk), Jefferson, Arlington and Pennhurst.

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saboteurs executed last week. The government pressed its case against the Chicago Tribune, the New York Daily News, and the Washington Times-Herald on the charge of giving away military information to the enemy. A group of aerial photographs released by a Public Relations Officer at Mitchel Field, Long Island, and purported to show fifth column ground markings for enemy planes, was branded a hoax by the War Department and Commander of the Eastern Defense Command, General Drum. And Boake Carter, the radio commentator, stunned his critics momentarily by embracing the Biblical Hebraic faith.

Clare Booth Luce, author of The Women, got involved in a Congressional cat-fight with Vivien Kellems in a Connecticut election campaign. Sergeant Edward F. Younger, who selected the Unknown Soldier after the last war, died and was buried in Arlington Cemetery, a half mile from the tomb of the man he had picked. A 26-pound cabbage won first prize in a New York flower show. "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle" continued as Number One on the Hit Parade. Six chronic loafers were fired from a San Francisco shipyard. Eight ships were launched in a single day in Maine. 5,000,000 Americans suffered from Hay Fever.

Orson Welles' new picture "The Magnificent Ambersons" opened in New York. A man in Seattle got his laundry from a Chinese laundryman by pulling a gun when he had no tickee and the laundryman insisted on "No tickee, no washee." A woman named Mrs. C. F. Thompson amputated her own foot with a knife when it got caught in the machinery of her fishing boat off Jacksonville, Florida. Another child—a girl—was born to the Charles A. Lindberghs. A 4-year-old girl named Diana Burton tried to join the WAAC's. When Lieutenant Commander MacAfee of the WAVES was asked what the women of the WAVES would wear under their uniforms, she replied that such matters were *their* business.

Primary elections were held in five states this week, and the pre-war isolationists fared just so-so. Fish won in New York. Thomas won in Idaho. But Sweeney lost in Ohio. Coffee lost in Nebraska. Holt lost to McClellan in Arkansas.

The Union Pacific Railroad began to hire women laborers. The manufacture of candy was restricted by the War Production Board. Walt Disney contributed two iron deer from his lawn to the scrap drive. Certain vitamins were discovered to be a cure for high blood pressure. Lois Andrews sued George Jessel for divorce, on a charge of mental cruelty. A girl named Betty Nowels sued her husband Frank for divorce in Los Angeles on the charge that he played basketball on Friday, golf on Saturday, baseball on Sunday, and poker the rest of the week. And a duck in Oklahoma City named Daisy June astounded science by insisting on laying her eggs in an empty fruit jar.

Government takes over here after strikers defied own unions

Police up with YANK

If your view of Army life is as foggy as the view through a barracks window on Friday night, you'll police up your knowledge by subscribing to YANK. Just send six bits to us at 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, and assure yourself of getting the next 26 issues (six months worth) of The Army Newspaper. Use coupon on page 23.

Bowling Green, Ohio—All freshmen and sophomores at Bowling Green University will be blood-typed and catalogued next fall. Records will be kept to provide immediate information for transfusion calls.

Portland, Me.—Seven Portland postmen enjoyed a week-end's relaxation to forget their work. They went on a hiking and mountain climbing excursion to Mt. Washington, N. H.

Albany, N. Y.—The Public Service Commission gave permission for New York gas and electric companies to bill their customers with postcards.

Baltimore—Corbett Bishop, 36, conscientious objector, ended a 45-day hunger strike and took nourishment at St. Agnes Hospital. He said authorities had refused him a leave of absence to close his bookshop in West New York, N. J., before being drafted. Selective Service officials reported he had been given two months' notice.

Fort Lee, N. J.—Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hook got out the three-star service flag they used in World War I and hung it up again. This time they have a son in the Army who has two sons in the Marines.

Denver, Colo.—Theodore E. Coneys was registered for the draft in the jail where he is being held charged with murdering Philip Peters last October and haunting the house thereafter.

Chicago—The City Council voted unanimously to make it illegal for women to take their liquor standing up. They have to go to the back of the saloon and sit at a table. The law is directed against tavern hostesses.

Blackfoot, Idaho—Virg Stevens, drycleaner, cleared up the mystery of an empty baby-sized casket which Sheriff William A. Clough found lodged against a sand-bar in Snake River. Stevens said that he had found the casket when he moved into a shop once occupied by an undertaker and had dumped it into the river.

Trenton, N. J.—Governor Edison ordered licensed trollers to limit their runs to one mile from the Jersey coastline. The law had allowed them two miles.

Topeka, Kans.—Housewives here baked 300 pies for 1,000 visiting cavalry. The weather was bad, so the troops had to postpone their visit. The housewives will do the job all over again.

Alamoso, Colo.—Fishermen of the San Juan basin explained why fish there are getting fat. When the water backed up behind Valecito Dam the earth banks of the river started crumbling, dumped thousands of worms into the water.

Yellowstone National Park—More than 30 bears were shot as "bad actors" after the termination of tourist traffic stopped artificial feeding of the bruins. The bears, it was declared, had become "garbage swillers, beggars and bums" and had been attacking campers.

Denver—H. P. Sweeney, secretary of the election commission, reported on the coming Colorado primaries: "Eligible voters won't register. We can't get judges or clerks. We've had to hire people to go from door to door begging people to put in polling places."

Hollywood—Erskine Caldwell, author of "Tobacco Road," arrived here from New York with five tires and looked around for a new car.

Chicago—J. W. Kibler reported two dozen eggs bought from a Chicago grocer yielded 23 double-yolks and one triple-yolk. The grocer said the eggs came from Wisconsin.

Detroit—Anne Morrow Lindbergh, author-wife of Charles A. Lindbergh, gave birth to a nine-pound daughter at Henry Ford Hospital. The Lindberghs now have two daughters, two sons.

Quincy, Ill.—Edgar V. Moorman, 70, Prohibition candidate for Vice-President in the last election, died suddenly of a heart attack.

Cleveland—While Richard J. Pearse, 26, slept in his car thieves removed three wheels and the spare wheel, the wristwatch from his arm, a wallet from his inside coat pocket and, to complete the job, another wallet from his hip pocket.

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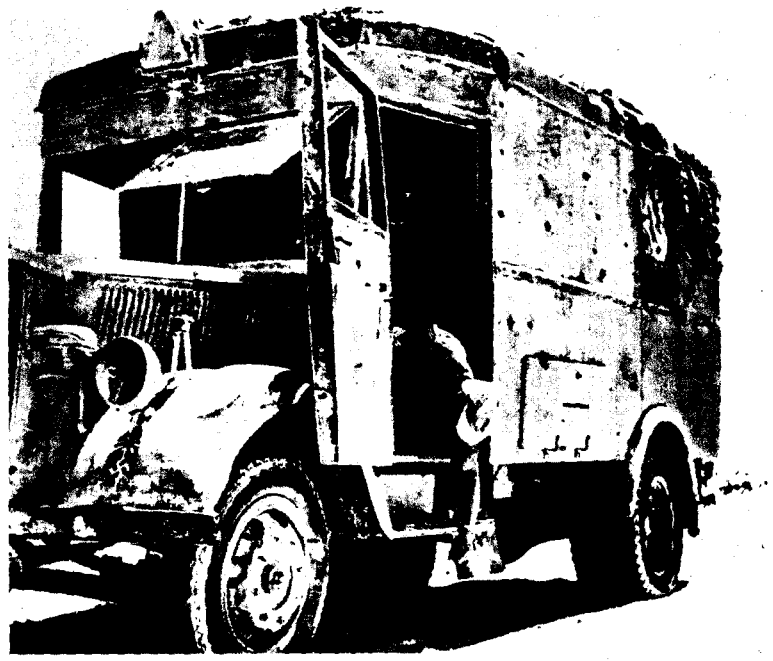
If the Marine on the right can't hold off that knife, he's a gone goose. Theoretically speaking, of course. They're practicing rough and tumble ju-du defense against knife attack.



A German driver, half out of the cab, shows what happened when his truck stalled in the Egyptian desert. The truck bears marks of British shrapnel.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., the parents of Cpl. Meyer Le bombardier with the late Capt. Colin Kelly, that their son has distinguished himself once more. He scored ana hit on a Jap ship, keeping his record up to date.

TOUGH TRIP. Marines attached to the U.S. Embassy in London, train on the "assault course" in London Park. So good are these lads that they've smashed all the time records set by Britons on this course. Now they're trying to smash their own.

HIDDEN POWER. Somewhere in the Caribbean, a U.S. Coa Artillery battery makes itself hard to find the enemy's looking. Jungle makes for some really effective camouflagir Nets and use of native vegetation are tried and true camouflage techniqu

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She can't represent New York at Atlantic City beauty pageant because she's only 17, but Selena Mahri received consolation: Treasury Dept. dubbed her Miss War Bonds.

Having an armful of Rita Hayworth should be luck enough for one soldier. But imagine the same guy having the other arm filled with Dorothy Lamour. Just goes to show what the name Gene Autry will do for a man. The screen cowboy, now a sergeant in the Air Force, attended war benefit party in Beverly Hills, Cal.

How to paint a straight seam on stockingless legs is demonstrated by Kay Bensel of Hollywood. Screw driver, cyclist's spring clip and eyebrow pencil make up this gadget.

Yep, the species known as jitterbug can be found everywhere, even up in that faraway place known as Iceland. Here we have Sgt. Leonard Preyss cutting something of a mean figure with a native lass who's willing to learn. Sgt. Preyss is willing to teach. The cats are hep and the joint is jumpin'.

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THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

ODE TO AN INFANTRYMAN

Oh the poets chant
Of the armed gallant
Who boldly rode to war,
Encased in mail
From head to tail,
A mobile hardware store.

But did this guy
Armed 'cap á pie'
E'er trudge the dusty track,
With sixty pounds,
And eighty rounds,
And his M-1 on his back?

Did he rant and rail
As he hit the trail
When his shirt was dark with sweat,
To the sergeant's roar,
"Hep, two, three, four,
Ten miles to cover yet"?

Did he ever curse,
Blaspheme, and worse
At a canteen that's gone dry,
When the hike's half done
And a molten sun
Burns in a brazen sky?

Did he stagger in
With a dusty grin
That changed to a snarl and sneer,
While the guy with the bar,
Who had come by car,
Said, "You'll pitch your pup-tent here"?

Did he vent his ire
As he strung barbed wire
From pillar to post to tree,
Did he howl with hate
When the mess was late,
And gripe when he got K.P.?

Yes, poets write
Of the gallant knight
And his deeds, in history,
But never a pen
Tells of the men
You'll find in the Infantry.

For though we yell,
And holler like hell,
Get this, we're on the ball.
Despite what we say
We like it this way,
We're Infantrymen, that's all.

Tech./S Howard Kirtland

PX

I understand the Post Exchange
Right here inside the camp
Will sell you almost anything,
A radio or a stamp.

I guess they sell all sorts of stuff
But though I've often tried
I've never really seen the place
Except from the outside.

For every time I go around
It's just the same old story;
I can't get in because the joint
Is closed for inventory.

Pvt. Russel A. Ninedorf

OUR BASE

All day long we fight the Gnats,
And then at night, the vampire bats.
Nobody knows the hell we had,
And to think, I thought Scott Field was bad.

All day long we wade the sand,
Nobody lends a helping hand.
I have to share my bunk with three—
Mosquitos, sand-fleas, gnats and me.

The only town is down the river,
The women there would make you shiver.
Don't know which is the worst I've seen,
The big and fat, or the long and lean.

Maybe some day I'll go back,
I'll hit New York in full field pack.
I'll sit down in their best cafe,
And what I'll order won't be hay.

I'll eat a steak with all the trimmin',
Then full, I'll go and find some women.
Though they may help me to forget,
It'll take a damned long time, I'll bet.

Sgt. James Bartlett
British Guiana

THE NIGHT LIFE GETS ME DOWN

A young Marine was trudging
Upon a night patrol,
No moon was there to guide him
Around the swampy hole.
The briars tore his clothing.
His feet slipped on the clay
And as he fell into the mud,
His buddies heard him say:
"It's not the fleas and blood-ticks
I mind when on the trail,
The heat and rain may pelt me
And yet I shall not fail.
The hardships of the boondocks,
My weary, aching feet,
The thirsty, dreary, endless miles,
Have never made me bleat.
For rugged, ragged, rock-strewn hills
And canyons, sere and brown
Are easy in the day time. It's
The night-life gets me down.

Marine

Words Across the Sea

Cpl. Henry A. Vallieres has been in the Army 11 years. Now he's making beautiful music together with the Fort Jay band. He wants to speak a piece to his cousin, Pfc. Joseph Scinto, probably at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. To Joe, he says, "Hope you're getting along fine. Visited your folks lately; they're all well. Your brother, Tony, will be in the Army any day now. Let me have a letter soon. Hope to see you soon.

Pfc. William Hammer is an M.P. in New York, but he still looks pretty human. He takes enough time off from keeping the military population of the city in shape to send a message to his friend, Pfc. William McElliott, somewhere in Australia. "Best of luck, Bill," he says, "and give them hell for me. Suppose you have a rating by now and are in the gravy. Write a guy a letter sometime."

Bernard Maloney is an Officer Candidate and is on his way to become a leading light of the Infantry at Fort Benning, Georgia. His message is aimed at Pvt. Stanley Ezyk, another infantryman now based somewhere in Australia. He wants Stan to give his best to all the "A" Company boys and, "Best of luck and good Jap hunting to you, Stan. Drop a line this way when you get the time and I'll let you know the dirt from home."

Cpl. Lawrence Lifshus is with the 69th Coast Artillery. Larry seems to be looking for trouble in his message to Pvt. Eugene Eldrich, a friend in Australia. We'll print it anyway; it's his funeral. He starts off nicely enough with, "Hello and good luck from all the guys." It's the windup that stings: "Having a swell time with your girl." He doesn't ask for a letter, but we're betting he gets one.

Cpl. G. W. Kirtley is an R.A.F. man in training on this side. His pal, Leading Aircraftsman Arthur Seacombe, also R.A.F., is somewhere in the Middle East. Kirtley's message is worried "Have they rationed beer yet?" he asks, and adds, "This may come as a big surprise to you, but it's the truth. I'm spliced. Naturally, you know who — Barbara. Be a good chap and write. I'll be seeing you . . . somewhere . . . sometime."

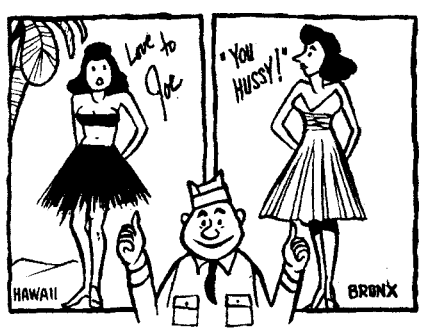
MAIL CALL

DEAR YANK:
How about making Pvt. McTurk a regular feature in the book? There are more laughs in one picture of him than in a whole tank of laughing gas.

Pvt. I. Polski
Fort Lewis, Wash.

DEAR YANK:
Before I went in the Army I had a girl in the Bronx, but now that I am in Hawaii I have a girl here, too. Lesser men might be stumped by this problem, but I fixed everything up fine. I wrote to my girl in the Bronx and said that though my girl in Hawaii is my War Girl, she is my Peace Girl. She thinks it's a fine idea, as she is a very self-sacrificing sort. I recommend this treatment to any other soldiers faced with the same problem.

CPL. JOE GROGAN
Hawaii



DEAR YANK:
I wish to express my appreciation on being able to get YANK. It brings all the news from home, and we hope that we will continue to receive it. Being a former football player at Bucknell University, I am interested in your sports pages. I'm looking forward to YANK's publishing the football scores next fall, and I know that you will not disappoint me. You've certainly got a fine looking paper. Thanks a lot for getting it out here.

PFC. JOSEPH M. GARBER
Australia

DEAR YANK:
I just today received a copy of YANK from the Post Exchange. I was one of the first ones to take a copy from the stack on the PX counter, and when I got it I noticed that it was Vol. 1, No. 1. I am sending it home, for some day the first copy of YANK will be hard to find. I'm sure that all of us who got a copy of YANK read it from cover to cover. We hope that a new copy will hit the PX soon.

Sgt. Bill Bentson
Australia

DEAR YANK:
The following is an excerpt from a friend's letter to me:
"You may appreciate my feeling toward 'B' Company (of a Cavalry unit) when I tell you that I was slated for an interview concerning O.T.S. several weeks ago, and I never heard a word about it from the 1st Sergeant."
This was written not by a hot-headed youngster, but by one of the finest young (26) men I have ever known, and I have known him for more than ten years. Furthermore, the above instance is but one of many of like nature, covering a period of over a year.

PVT. WILLIS MOWERSON
Camp Wheeler, Ga.

DEAR YANK:
The barber at Fort Meade's Station Hospital has posted the following sign for patients desiring tonsorial surgery:

How To Get A Haircut
1. Sit erect with flexible neck.
2. Don't smoke or chew gum.
3. Don't cross legs.

As one sadder but wiser patient learned, even strict adherence to these rules doesn't obviate the ancient, unwritten barbershop law—the safest and healthiest way to get a haircut is to pay for it.
This letter isn't doing much to win the war, but I thought you might like to know.

CPL. JACK LEVINE
Fort Meade, Md.

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YANK
THE ARMY NEWSPAPER
AUGUST 26, 1942
VOL. 1, NO. 11
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

Unknown Soldiers

Riding on a train the other day, we sat next to a civilian who looked as if he worked in the A. & P. After a while we got to talking and he said he was a seaman. He said it with pride, and we found out why.

He had just returned from a trip to Murmansk. His ship had been sunk under him on the way up, but that was nothing new. This time of the year there isn't any night on the route to Murmansk and his convoy was bombed steadily 24 hours a day for 5 days by German bombers.

Even when he reached Murmansk his ship was bombed in the harbor. On the way back he was bombed some more. He said very matter-of-factly that he probably would have had another ship sunk under him if they hadn't run into fog.

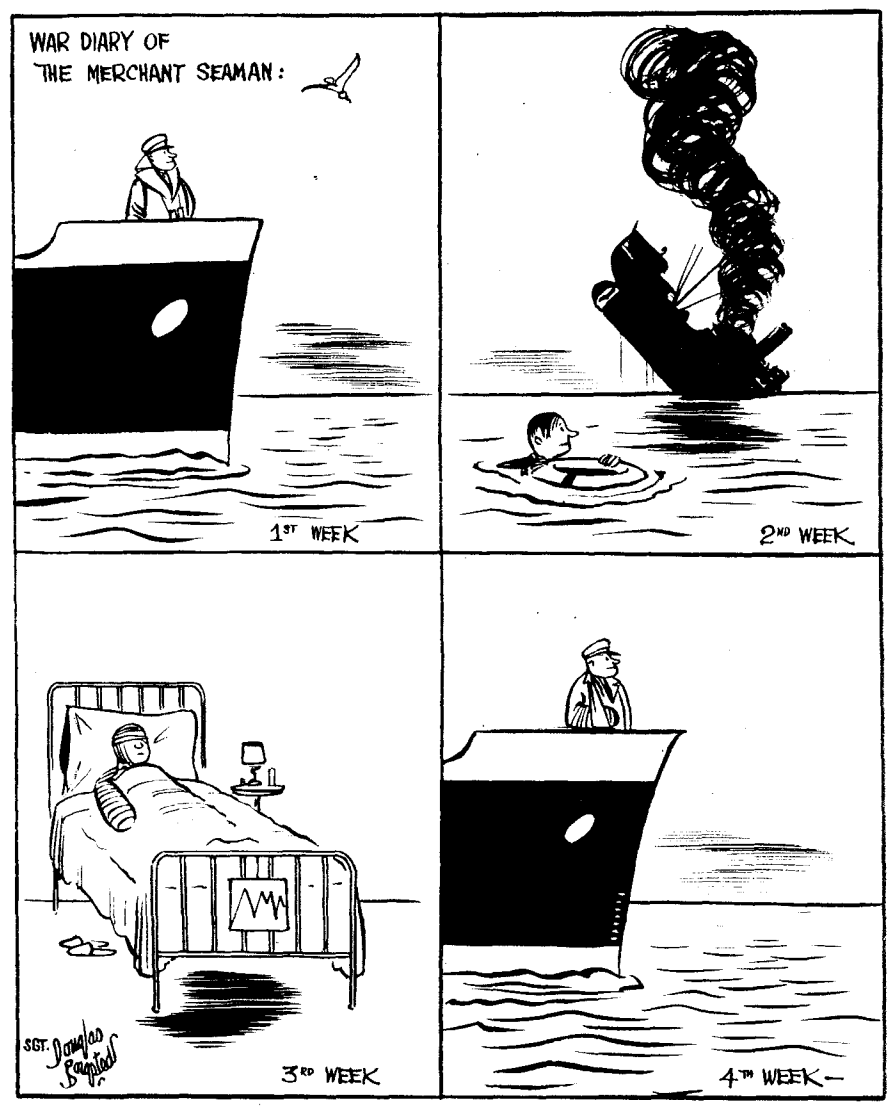
Right now he was on his way to ship out again. He said it was all in a day's work. He didn't mind the bombings so much; what got him sore was the fact that the people at home kept asking why he wasn't in uniform.

It is lucky for the rest of us that the merchant seamen are suckers for punishment. We wear the uniforms, but they're doing a really tough job in our part of the war.

It's not the work that's so hard. It's what you run into on a voyage that makes it tough. A tanker isn't a battleship, a collier can't run like a jeep, a transport doesn't have the armor of a tank. An escort of destroyers can't keep away planes. A gun crew can't spot submarines at night, under the water. Protection is limited in a convoy; if the enemy can chisel through, it's like shooting ducks.

Look at the record: More than 400 merchant ship sinkings on this side of the Atlantic alone since Pearl Harbor, with a loss of more than 3,000 seamen.

We wear the uniforms. But the merchant seamen can't even get into the U.S.O. Canteen.



A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

He's Not Kidding

Admiral Nomura, it may be recalled, was the Japanese ambassador to the United States at the time of Pearl Harbor. When the Admiral returned to Japan recently, he carried with him three huge American dictionaries.

A reporter from the Japanese newspaper Asahi interviewed him as he stepped off the boat.

"What," said the reporter, "is the idea?"

The Tokyo Radio quotes the Admiral's reply verbatim.

"English dictionaries," he said, "will become more important and necessary to us in the future."

The Admiral would *not* say why.

Mechanical-Minded Gob

A sailor in Chicago was being interviewed on a local radio program. The question was: "While you are in Chicago, what type of girl would you like to meet?"

The gob looked down at his white uniform. Then he delivered his answer.

"If it's all the same to you," he said, "I'd like to meet a girl who has a washing machine."

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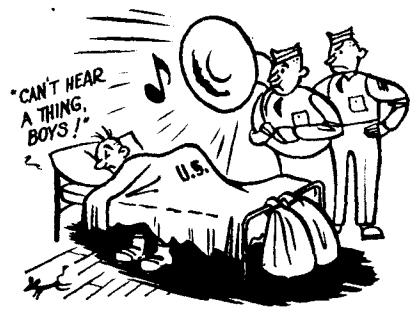
Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

Wanted: Several Bodyguards

A United Press dispatch from Stockholm reports that German newspapers are carrying full page paid advertisements calling for infantry, motorcyclists, artillerists, engineers, tank and anti-tank personnel to volunteer in a private organization known as "Hermann Goering's Brigade."

Diplomatic sources in Stockholm could offer no explanation, but suggested that Marshal Goering might be building up a personal army "for some unpredictable development in the future."



But He Remembers to Sleep

In one of the most unusual cases in modern legal history, Private Benjamin Shattan of Brooklyn applied to a Federal court for a writ of habeas corpus to force his discharge from the Army on the grounds of mental disability. "My memory is defective," said Shattan, "and I can't get up in the morning."

The writ was denied.

Scant Protection

In a dispatch to Stockholm this week, the Berlin correspondent of the Swedish newspaper Svenska Dagbladet described the marvellous work of the new Salvage Corps of the German Army in Russia. He told how they tour the battlefields, picking up weapons, cartridge cases and even salvaging wrecked tanks while they are still hot. "The Salvage Corps," says the correspondent glowingly, "goes about its work armed with mortars, machine guns, rifles, grenades, submachine guns and sidearms."

"This," he concludes, "is just a slight precaution against possible contact with the Russian guerillas."

From Hunger, He Is

Max Stephan, the Detroit restaurant owner who was sentenced to death last week for assisting an escaped Nazi prisoner of war, has been thinking it over in jail ever since. When his lawyer visited him in his cell, Stephan summed up his feelings thusly: "My appetite," he said, "is not so good lately."

Vas You Dere?

"The British Air Force," says German Propaganda Minister Goebbels in his newspaper Das Reich, "is merely desiring to terrorize German towns and their populations by their spiteful attacks. The raids do not possess any vital war significance."

That'll Learn 'Em

The Philadelphia Daily News has instituted a new policy in typesetting. Hereafter, the paper will no longer capitalize such words as *jap, japan, hirohito, mussolini, hitler, german, germany, italian, nazi, italy,* etc.

"That," says Lee Ellmaker, publisher, "is more than they deserve."

Item for Idiots

"Hollywood," says the Japanese-controlled Hsinking Radio in Manchuria, "has been dealt a crushing blow by the war. Picture production has ceased, and the female stars such as Jeanette MacDonald and Shirley Temple have retired to lavish underground caves in the inland mountains of the Mississippi River."

Off the Cuff

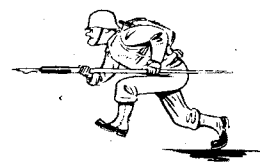
The Tokyo Radio, in a recent broadcast to the Japanese people, had this to say: "The edict against cuffs on trousers in wartime shows the decay of American liberty, because it took away from the male the symbol of domination and the right of freedom."

Primitive Geography

Speaking to his fellow Japanese over the government radio last week, Professor S. Komaki, of the Kyoto Imperial University, was responsible for the following statement: "All oceans are to be regarded as a great Japanese Sea. There are no seven seas, but only one sea, and it is connected to Japan, where the Sun is Rising. The Atlantic Ocean is also a part of Asia."

The professor is billed as one of the leading geographers of Japan.

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to those in the Armed Services.



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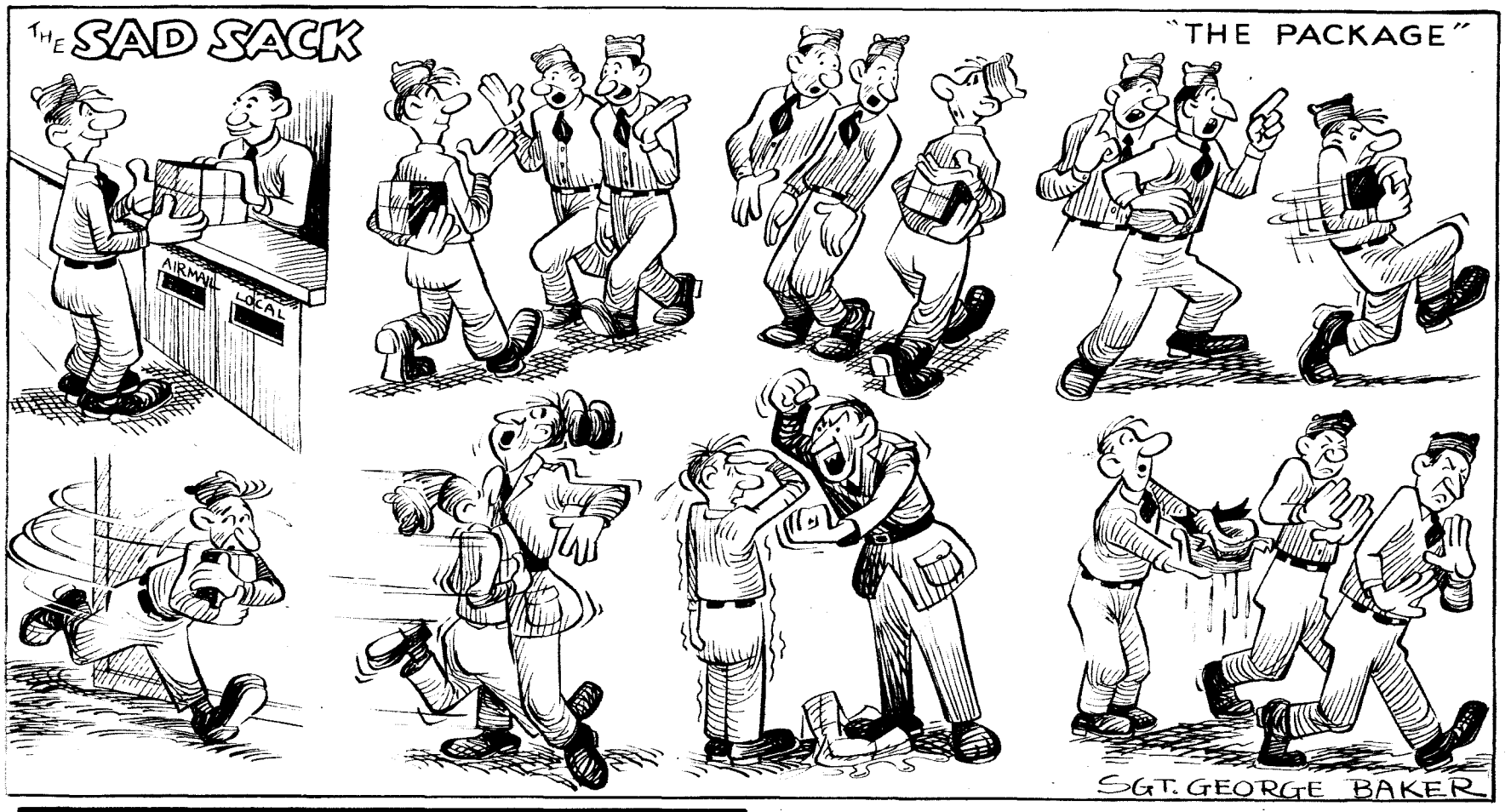

BETWEEN the LINES

THE COG NAMED KLUMPF

Let us pause for one moment of silent tribute to Pfc. Wilbur Klumpf, who comes to us from a small town near Hoffman, North Carolina. When the moment of silence is over, we will tell you how Wilbur Klumpf came to be a vital cog in the war effort.

Ready? Well, when Wilbur was a little boy, all the good people of his town used to tell his mother that they thought Wilbur was one of the best-mannered young men they had ever seen. He never got into such mischiefs as putting farmwagons on barn roofs, chiefly because he was tired. He never got into fights because when he was invited he always declined and left his challenger flabbergasted. Wilbur was a good boy and his mother loved him.

Then Wilbur started to school. The teacher had a large poster with the names of the spelling class listed in the order of their excellence. Wilbur's name was always on the bottom, because when spelling matches came he would always flunk himself out at the first crack, so that he could go back and sit down. Wilbur felt that the paths of glory lead but to the grave, so what the hell.

When he finished school, young Klumpf got a job with the government in Raleigh. He would sit by the side of the road in a little house and count the cars as they went by. This was the only job he could find which called for sitting around and doing nothing. He could have bettered himself by running for the state legislature, it is true, but he would have had to campaign for it and this called for too much effort. Besides, Wilbur was not ambitious.

And then one day Wilbur opened his mail and found a letter which began, "The President of the United States, to Wilbur Klumpf, greeting!" Wilbur's mother almost had a conniption.

"Oh, Wilbur," she cried, "you cannot go away! You must not! The work will kill you." But Wilbur only looked at her with a tender smile and said, "There, mother, do not fear! I will find my niche!"

And he did. Yessirree, he certainly did. Wilbur had not been in the Army two days before he found the job he wanted. It called for physical exertion, but he accustomed himself to it and the quartermaster warehouse personnel is now proud of Wilbur Klumpf.

Wilbur is the vital cog at the warehouse who goes along the lines of newly uniformed rookies and tells them how much they will have to to shorten their belts.

Cpl. Murray Hill

"Dammit, as your superior officer I insist on bouncing higher than you do!"

G. I. Fairy Tale

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McTurk poises a Pinkie

ON STATEN ISLAND, where we found Pvt. Joe McTurk and where we hope to leave him, the McTurk fambly drinks tea only to kill the taste of corn likker and the only food eaten at parties is steak or clams, mostly clams. Imagine our surprise, then, when Joe spent an evening with a civilized fambly and both parties lived to tell about it.

Pvt. McTurk is played (across the board) by Pvt. Robert C. McCracken of Fort Belvoir, Va. The pictures are by Cpl. Pete Paris, a friend of the Czar.

WHEN MAC got to the house where he was a guest he found the mistress alone, so she shoved some tea at him. The tea cup didn't fool Mac, though. He's seen enough Jimmy Cagney pictures to be able to diddle a doily with the best. Things weren't running too smoothly, however. "What this tea lacks," Mac said, "is a shot to give it flavor. Come to think of it, that's what I lack, too." But McTurk is not ruffled. He remembers Murphy's clambakes and is strong. Very.

McTURK had a idea he wuz gonna be bored. "I thought I was gonna be bored," was the way he explained it later. But when the whole fambly came along he discovered they was a couple of classy looking frills aboard. Things began to look up. He went the whole length of the fambly, taking their mitts up and shaking them like cocktails. "Chawmed," he said. "But chawmed."

AT DINNER, flanked by one of the frills, Mac was happy, but he had a question. "Look," he said, "maybe you noticed this butt I got in me mush. It's a gift from a long-dead brother. I had three brothers and three sisters, all girls. How am I gonna take this butt out of me mush to eat?" The lady of the house came to his rescue. "Eat with the butt in your mush," she said. The words won McTurk's heart.

AFTER DINNER they all gathered around the old piano, and Mr. McTurk favored the company with Strauss. They all caroled and hummed until they could hum no more. Then Mac entertained with an expurgated version of a ballad called "Frances and John." Anyway, the rafters rung like the bell for the third round. "We were all in fine verce," Mac said later. "Music in the evening, it soothes me like a mother soothes her babe. Or Staten Island beer soothes mine."

AFTER THE SONGFEST the fambly tiptoed out, leaving Mac with Jeanie, their youngest daughter. "How'd you like to play the match game, babe?" Mac asked her. She liked. They played the game for hours. One of its milder manifestations is pictured here. It is a game of skill and McTurk has the skill. He is the only man on the Eastern Seaboard who doesn't remove his butt. For anything.

MAC HOOKED the elder daughter, Lakadamia, and swung her into a Polish Hop. Lakadamia was a game girl. She danced with Mac until the thunder of their feet made all Pop's home brew bust out of its bottles. When they stopped dancing, Mac was exhausted. "I'll never be able to make it back to camp," he said. "Either of you dolls got a couple of bucks for a cab?" For McTurk, McTurk was worried.

"WHY YOU poor dear," the girls cried, "you can stay here with us." They kissed our hero good night and led him upstairs to a bed that George Washington once slept in. "Pleasant dreams," they said, and kissed him again. Rather dizzy from the kisses, and stinking of Chanel No. 5, Mac stumbled into his bedroom. He was tired. Hospitality has just blossomed in time to save McTurk from tumbling to sleep in the quiet gutter of some M.P. infested roadway.

"SO THIS is the bed George Washington slept in?" Mac said to himself, glancing at it. "Some joint. It's so big I could open me a pub on it." Still, it was a lot better than an Army bed, and he was alone. Alone! He reached in the back pocket of his shorts and pulled out a small bottle. "I never could do this in me barracks," he said. Soon the contents of the bottle will be within McTurk.

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The Indian has always fought for freedom. It is no surprise to find him fighting for it again. He is, of course, fighting side by side with us Americans and in his presence we do not boast of how American we are. On the subject of America, his is the first word.

The World Is Their Warpath

By Sgt. Harry [illegible]
Yank Staff Writer

Ralph Sam was an Indian. On the day they got him he had one hand shot away and a great, gaping wound in his thigh, but he emptied his revolver at Japanese planes until he fainted from loss of blood.

The pilot of Sam's bomber, Lieut. Johnny Hill, told the story of Sam's last stand.

"We were leading a formation of an attack on Jap shipping off New Guinea," he said. "I dived on the lead ship and released our bombs. As we came out of the dive some Zeros jumped us. We tore down the coast for 30 miles, diving and climbing. The Zoros were on our tails and Sam was popping away with the machine guns.

"Then I saw Sam had stopped firing. I looked around and saw his right arm was resting on his machine guns, covered with blood. You can't run a machine gun with one hand, so Sam had drawn his pistol and was still firing away.

"We finally shook off the Japs and I called Sam on the interphone. There was no answer. When we got home I found him unconscious. His hand was practically shot away and he had a vicious wound in his thigh."

Sam had lost too much blood and he didn't have a chance. By the time they got him to a hospital he was going fast, but when Hill told him their bombs had hit the Jap ship squarely his black eyes brightened. Then he died.

Major General Clarence L. Tinker was an Indian, too, an Osage.

In the Battle of Midway he was in command of bomber units that pummeled the Jap fleet, and because of his skill and daring and the skill and daring of his men under him, Pearl Harbor was partially avenged.

General Tinker didn't return from the Battle of Midway. When last seen, his bomber was plunging toward the open sea. There was no other word.

He never would send his men anywhere he wouldn't go himself. Midway was a hot scuffle, and General Tinker wanted to see what was going on. He saw, but he never came back to tell about it.

General Tinker and Ralph Sam were Americans, more American than those who took their country from them. They held no rancour in their hearts for the past. They were concerned with the present only—the desperate present, where all the people must fight to defend their rights and their privileges.

They could have remembered how their ancestors put away the lance and the tomahawk when there was nothing else to do—when what was left of the tribes went into reservations—the Apache in Arizona, the Utes in Colorado, the Sioux in Minnesota, the Pawnees in Oklahoma and the Oneida in Wisconsin.

The white men had left them little, but they made the most of what they had. They held still to their dances and their customs and their tribal ceremonials, but the wars seemed to be over for them. They became farmers. They struck oil. They sat on their reservations and they watched time run out in the sunsets. Most of them wore the white man's clothes and spoke his language and ate his kind of food.

And the tribes thinned. Where there had been millions, now only hundreds of thousands remained. When, on a certain day in April in 1917, a long-faced, bespectacled President rose in Washington and asked a cheering Congress to declare war on Germany, there were only 350,000 Indians left in the United States. They were a minority, and an unhappy minority. They were aliens in their own country. But they still had their honor.

Indian scouts in the days of long ago

Of the 350,000 Indians, only half were American citizens, and 50,000 still wore skins and blankets. Only 33% could read and write English, and less than 33,000 were males of military age. Yet more than 8,000 went into the Army then, and of these 85% volunteered for service.

They were always jealous of their freedom, and their wars were largely because of that jealousy. When they fought the white man their cause had been the just cause, and now that their conquerors were fighting for a just cause they were glad to aid him. They went to war on his side.

The Six Nations of the Iroquois Confederacy declared a separate war on the German government. From the reservations the young braves swarmed down. The costume was different this time, and there was no warpaint, but the ideas they fought for were the same.

They went to France by the thousands, and a lot of them died there. Stories came back about what they did. "Coolest men under fire in the whole damned Army," a colonel said. There were plenty of cases that could be cited to prove it.

There were the six young Sioux who penetrated the German lines to a depth of three miles one night. At the end of their penetration they came upon a fine old chateau. Inside the chateau were a satisfactory number of German staff officers, busily engaged in getting drunk. A whole century slipped from the shoulders of the Sioux. Whooping their old battlecries, they descended on the chateau. They crashed grenades through the windows and put up a regular barrage of rifle fire. Then they went back to their own lines. The corporal who had been in charge of the patrol explained the action succinctly. "Heap big noise inside," he said. "Perhaps heap big dead now."

There was the Indian lieutenant who was killed in action at Sergy. "Chief so active last three months," one of his sergeants said, "no time to stay in dugout for tailor to sew service and wound stripes on his coat sleeves. We buried him in his blanket without."

Then there was Pvt. Joseph Oklahombi, a Choctaw, of Co. D, 141st Infantry, who did more than Sergeant York.

The citation on his Croix de Guerre read: "Under a violent barrage, he dashed to the at-

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tack of an enemy position, covering about 210 yards through barbed-wire entanglements. He rushed on machine-gun nests, capturing 171 prisoners. He stormed a strongly held position containing more than 50 machine guns and a number of trench mortars. He turned the captured guns on the enemy and held the position for four days, in spite of a constant barrage of large projectiles and gas shells."

And there was Philip Jim, who went over the top 30 times and lived to tell the story.

They were all good fighters; war was their natural business. When they came back it was hard to settle down, but they did. Their government was grateful. In 1924 all Indians were made citizens. Indian affairs ran smoothly along. Indian population increased. On the reservation the old men talked of the days before the century turned, and the young men talked of the wonders of France and of the battles there. Life was easy on the reservations and the years were crossed off one by one.

The storm broke for the second time last December 7, but on the reservation they had seen the clouds gathering. By October 1, 1941, over 4,000 Indians were in the Army; there are some 8,000 in now. At very few places have they refused to fight for the flag that waves over the land their forefathers once possessed. At the Fort Peck reservation in Montana, of 252 braves registered for the draft, 131 volunteered.

When war came, they were ready—prematurely ready, in some instances. In 1940 a band of Navajos responded to the first draft registration by appearing in full marching order—with guns, food and bedding. The Navajos, though they couldn't read or write, had intuitively realized that the man they called the "mustache smeller" across the ocean could only be stopped by force.

They were ready to stop him. Not only the Navajos, but the Oneidas and the Cherokees and the Sioux. A group of Sioux braves, reporting for induction, did not understand why they had to undergo training. They were ready to fight, right then and there. "We Sioux have always been warlike," their spokesman said.

The reaction to the declaration of war by the Pueblo of Santa Ana was typical of many Indian groups. Immediately after Pearl Harbor the Santa Anas left their homes and went secretly to their ancient shrine. There, in a home they had long since abandoned, the entire Pueblo remained for one unbroken month in prayer—a prayer for the people of all the world.

At Pearl Harbor died Henry Nolatubby, a Chilocco and the first Indian casualty of the war. There, too, died Lieut. William Schick, who was a friend of the Jemez Indians. To revenge his death the Jemez have gone on the warpath. When the storm struck the Philippines, Indians were there. Four Apaches, among them a descendant of Geronimo, were on Corregidor. On Bataan Pvt. Charley Ball of the 31st Infantry, picked up the D.S.C. There were a lot of Indians on Bataan, and now they are caught up in the silence that surrounds the other defenders of that graveyard of hope. Twelve men from the Taos Pueblo were there, and so was Major Ernest McClish, a Choctaw.

Indians are still, as they were during the War Between The States, in great demand as scouts. Their instinctive feeling for and knowledge of terrain, coupled with their ability to move undetected through open country, has made them invaluable for reconnaissance purposes. They make excellent snipers, too; the legend that Indians are bad shots was exploded in the Argonne.

Indians are very useful as communications men. There are probably not three men in Germany today who are familiar with the 55 different languages spoken by American Indians, and probably two of these men have been liquidated. The result is that Indians can speak their own language over field telephones and radios, without any need for code or without any fear of being understood by the enemy. There are many walkie-talkies today being carried on Indian backs.

Today American Indians are on all the battlefields where American troops can be found. Gone is the line that was once drawn between white man and red man. White men have begun to understand Indians for what they are—cheerful, thoughtful men who were caught up in a civilization higher than theirs and almost swept away.

They are blasting the tide of that civilization now, and going along with it. No other group of Americans is so whole-heartedly in the war as is our Indian population.

"I have notice the picture of my Uncle Sam, such a skiny being. In pease time our Uncle Sam was frail because he is gentle and pease and loveing of freedom. Now the U. S. Army is strong. So, please draw our Uncle Sam to look mighty. Indians will be proud. Our brothers white will be proud all so. I rejected seven times on account of having old. Yet I am only 37 years. My chance will come."

The modern Indian doesn't travel by pony

These ancient warriors are among the survivors of a famed detachment of Army scouts that campaigned with frontier forces. They now live on a reservation at Huachuca, Ariz.

G.I. Wives Will Still Wait For Those Pay Allotments

By Sgt. Donald McGuire
YANK's Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON—The Senate and the House want the government to pay that $50 a month allotment to G.I. wives now instead of waiting to hand it over in a big lump sum around Nov. 1 but you might as well tell the little woman not to build up her hopes.

Even with the Nov. 1 payment clause struck from the allotment bill, it may take months before the War Department can straighten out the tremendous bookkeeping problem that the whole business involves. Deducting $22 a month from perhaps a million army pay envelopes and then matching it with $28, $40 or $50 according to the size of each family is a huge accounting job that can't be completed overnight. In fact, some financial experts here think that the War Department will be doing well if it gets it done by November.

Chairman Bob Reynolds of the Senate Military Affairs committee tried to explain this when Congress passed its recent measure for immediate payment. But other senators and representatives paid little heed. Some suspected that the plan of paying off in a big lump sum around Nov. 1 was a mere political move to make service men and their families feel kindly disposed toward the administration just before election time. They also feel that is isn't fair for wives and dependents to wait until November for the money.

The War Department also feels that the wives should have the money now but what are you going to do in a case like this? Paying off this month or next month is a physical and mental impossibility unless some scientist quickly discovers something that can add and subtract figures quicker than an adding machine. It's just like building Boulder Dam or the Empire State Building. You can't do it in a week or a month.

While the Senate went along with the House in advancing the date of the pay-off for pay allotments, it balked on the bill to give soldiers and sailors in the U. S. the right to vote by mail.

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STRICTLY G.I.

The War Department says it's O.K. for soldiers to vote, provided their voting doesn't interfere with their military duties. This means that if you're shooting at Tojo in the Solomons you're not going to be excused from shooting to vote for Congressman Kronkhite. However, the Old Man ought to be able to fix you up with ballots or whatever they vote with these days.

A poll conducted by a publishing organization which sells books to PX's discloses that our favorite book is the Dictionary. Running second is a two-bit edition of Nana, which has a sexy cover. Third place was copped by a book of strange facts, and also ran was "Wuthering Heights," from the motion picture of the same name.

Really Dogfaces

If you're fairly large, in good health, from one to five years old, fearless, and a dog, you might be able to get a transfer from your regular outfit and be trained as a sentry or a messenger, which is a use for dogs recently cooked up by the War Department. The WD would like for you to be a German Shepherd or a Collie or something like that, but if you're merely a cross between a Great Dane and a French Poodle you can still make the grade. This looks like a great break for Topkicks.

If you're from the 8th Judicial District of New York State, which you probably aren't, you can write to the *Buffalo Evening News* and they'll send you some free butts. The 8th J.D. includes the following counties: Allegany, Cattaraugus, Chautauqua, Erie, Genesee, Niagara, Orleans and Wyoming. Don't ask us how Wyoming got in there.

Fort Devens is in a stew because an Ayer, Mass., judge says that soldiers from the Fort who have married there are still single as far as Massachusetts law is concerned. State marriage licenses, it seems, are not valid at the Fort, a Federal reservation. If things don't clear up a lot of the boys are going to have to walk down the aisle again. Meanwhile, as far as Massachusetts is concerned, they are continuing to live in sin with the best grace in the world.

Leatherheads

"The Leatherneck," elegant magazine of the U. S. Marine Corps, unburdens its opinion of YANK in its August issue. It hits the crying towel because YANK has five times as many staff members, but doesn't mention that YANK publishes weekly, and has no advertising, whereas "The Leatherneck" plods along once a month packed with advertising that attracts Marines: Lifebuoy (the b.o. soap), Lypsyl (to keep those pretty lips ruby red) and Quinsana (it takes the odor out of feet). It doesn't mention that in 25 years "The Leatherneck" has reached 61,000 circulation, and YANK in nine weeks has crossed 300,000.

What we can't understand is "The Leatherneck's" yelp because our managing editor, a few weeks ago a jeep, is now a tech sergeant. "The Leatherneck's" managing editor is a first lieutenant, which explains the whole thing. It wants to be a sergeant, too.

We might add that the U.S.M.C. sent us, as Marine staffer on YANK, no lowly gyrene but a platoon sergeant, holder of the Marine record for hand grenade throwing. The Marines saved their best for YANK.

Purely Personal

U. S. fighter pilots stationed in Britain have started to ape the R.A.F. by keeping the top button of their blouses unbuttoned. The thing works like this: if a man is completely buttoned up he's off a bomber, if one button is unbuttoned he's a fighter pilot, and if two buttons are unbuttoned he's probably drunk and disorderly and ripe for the jug.

The youngest Topkick in the Army is believed to be a 20 year old named *Rollin N. Van Der Vart* up at Ladd Field, Alaska. If you've heard of any younger 1st Sergeants write and tell us about them.

Clark Gable, whose ears and uppercut have sent thousands of women reeling home to uninteresting husbands, is Pvt. Gable now. He's down at the Air Force O.C.S. at Miami, learning to be a gunner. He's too antique (41) to be a pilot, but he's an old skeet man from way back, with a handy trigger-finger. Before he could climb into khaki Gable had to have his teeth patched up. They were O.K. for smiling at Lana Turner, but not quite tough enough to handle Army hash. Sounds reasonable to us.

SGT. HARRY BROWN

Jean Darling

A Babe in Arms

(But by Mistake)

Hey, fellers, look what we found!

Take a close gander at the hair, the face, the etc. Recognize her?

The name is Jean Darling, and she's the cute little blond trick who starred in Our Gang Comedies of about 15 years ago. She was no more than 3 at the time, and brother, she was terrific. She was the cause of much hanging out of the tongue among the male minor population. She brought high blood pressure to a generation of little boys. Her blond curls instigated no less than 10,000 cases of truancy. "She was," as one press agent put it, "the small fry's Garbo."

And now, at the delectable age of 18, she's back same as ever except for a couple of things—as the singing star of a new Broadway musical.

But brother, that's not all.

Jean Darling is in the Army. Not in the WAAC's or the A.W.V.S. But by some peculiar quirk of the red tape, she's in the same G.I. army that you and I belong to. It happened thusly:

It seems that back in 1932, when Jean was at the peak of her career, some Hollywood press agent hit on the idea of having her installed as a princess of the Rosebud Tribe of the Sioux Indians. This was done with the proper ceremony and newsreel cameras, and Jean was christened Princess Winonwaste.

That was all right, but the Rosebuds took it seriously. When the drought became unbearable that year, they decided that someone had to go to Washington to see the Great White Father. Who did they hit on to make the trip but their new Princess Winonwaste. The press agents rubbed their hands in glee, and Winonwaste went to Washington. She kissed Great White Father Hoover on the cheek. Great White Father Hoover kissed her on the cheek. The cameras ground like mad. That night it rained in South Dakota.

Jean was immediately raised to the status of a god.

Then complications set in in last year—just after Pearl Harbor. One section of the Rosebud Tribe enlisted en masse. They submitted the tribal roster. On the tribal roster was the name Winonwaste, which was duly recorded as Private Winonwaste, U. S. Army.

Now the War Department is having a helluva time trying to get the thing straightened out.

We hope they don't get it straightened out.

Think of how nice it would be to have Jean along on maneuvers.

HOLLYWOOD IN WARTIME

From a Hollywood gossip column: "Kay Kyser will be in an Army uniform soon."

And now, children, we take you to an outdoor classroom in a well-known Southern infantry replacement training center, where one of the capable and alert non-commissioned officers of the Army of the U. S. is conducting the day's lesson in military hygiene and sanitation. The first voice we will hear is that of the sergeant.

"And your name, young man?"

(The answer is inaudible.)

"I'm sorry, you'll have to step a little closer to the mike."

"Kyser. Kay Kyser. Er—uh—Pvt. Kay Kyser."

"Aha, Pvt. Kyser. Now will you tell our studio audience and the millions of listeners hanging out of yonder latrine window where you're from?"

"Er—uh—heh heh—I'm from North Carolina."

"There, there, Pvt. Kyser. You'll have to speak louder."

"Er—I'm from Rocky Mount, North Carolina."

"Well, well, well, Pvt. Kyser. Rocky Mount! North Carolina! I believe that town got its name because there used to be a cavalry post there where the Indians threw stones at the soliders. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha."

A special cheering section in the background laughs loud and long, echoing the sergeant's own amusement. Pvt. Kyser looks nervous and chews his nails. He doesn't get it, so he doesn't know it isn't funny.

"And now, Pvt. Kyser, the ole professah has a little ole question for you, boy, that's worth 75 cents worth of canteen checks for you if you answer it right and two days on that mean ole KP if you don't."

"Heh, heh. Er—I'll try it, sergeant."

"Now we want you to tell the faculty and stoodent body of Sgt. Mayhem's College of Military Knowledge what disease this is. We'll give you three hints and we don't want any coaching from the corporals. You get it in public shower baths and dirty socks, it eats your feet and if you take it to the dispensary they'll probably give you a can of Whitfield's ointment."

"Er—uh—eats your feet, huh?"

"That's right, Pvt. Kyser. Now think hard!" (While Pvt. Kyser thinks hard, the sergeant whistles "Here's to Carolina, That's the Land for Me." He stops suddenly, remembering that the song gives no hint of the answer.)

"Get it in shower baths, you say?"

"That's right, Pvt. Kyser. We're going to give you a teensy weensy iddle hint. It starts with an 'a' and even athletes get it sometimes. Lots of athletes get it. Even athletes." (He bears down on the word "athletes.")

"It wouldn't be arth—"

Before Pvt. Kyser can complete his word Sgt. Mayhem claps his hand over his mouth and grimaces at the audience. "Careful, careful, Pvt. Kyser. Better be sure you remember what the ole professah done tole you. The professah done tole you." The sergeant sings this last phrase in a high, cracked falsetto and his gallery of stooges in the special cheering section fairly burst their G.I. buttons in hilarious applause. The sergeant beams at them appreciatively.

"No coaching now, stoodents. Let's play fair. But first let's give Pvt. Cranston . . ."

"Kyser," mumbles Pvt. Kyser.

"That's right, Pvt. Kyser. Jus' like the professah said, let's give Pvt. Kyser one more teensy weensy iddle chance. Lots of athletes get it on their feet. . . ."

"I think it's arth—" continues Pvt. Kyser, stubborn to the last.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, Pvt. Kyser. You're cold. Mmmmm, I'm just bursting waiting for you to get the right answer and the canteen checks! Ath—ath—ath." (He still doesn't get it.) "The initials are A.F. . ."

Pvt. Kyser still doesn't get it. The sergeant starts to call "Stoo-dunts!" when Kyser halts him. A whisper has come from the audience.

"Could it be—er—athlete's foot?"

The sergeant jumps high into the air. "And he's right," he roars. "Athlete's foot! And this lucky yardbird wins 75 cents worth of canteen checks and a sweet note from his platoon leader!"

The sergeant grabs Pvt. Kyser about the waist and dances around the classroom with him. The student orchestra, composed of mouth organs, mouth-harps and combs bursts into the strains of "Put Away Your Books and Papers; Study Time Is O'er."

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G'WAN, YA BLIND ROBBER, YA DIDN'T EVEN SEE DA PLAY!—The umpires have been living a hectic life lately in the National League. Umpire Barlick at the left looks as though he's going to eat Catcher Tom Livingston of the Phillies and Pete Reiser of the Dodgers (in the center) is starting to kick about Umpire Larry Goetz's decision before he even finishes his slide between the legs of Brave catcher, Clyde Kluttz. Later in the day, on the right, Goetz excused Casey Stengel of Boston from the ball park.

Long Shot Captures Hambletonian Stakes

GOSHEN, N. Y.—The Ambassador, a rank outsider in the betting, stunned a crowd of 20,000 by winning the 17th annual renewal of the rich Hambletonian Stakes—the Kentucky Derby of harness racing. Colby Hanover, two-year old champion of 1941 and fastest running three-year old before the race, was heavily backed in each of the three heats but "galloped" out of the money.

Owned by William H. Strang of Brooklyn and driven by the veteran 61-year old Ben White, The Ambassador, finished fourth in the first heat to Pay Up, but came back to win the second and third heats for the $20,489 first prize.

In winning the second heat, the bay trotter returned $68.20 to lucky $2 ticket holders, one of the longest prices ever paid on a heat winner in harness racing. The crowd hopped on The Ambassador in the final dash but he still was good for $8.40.

Colby Hanover could do no better than finish eighth in the opener, eleventh and last in the second and tenth in the third heat.

The crowd stuck to the juvenile champion throughout, making him a 4 to 5 favorite in the first heat, 1 to 2 in the second and 3 to 2 in the last. But driver Fred Egan couldn't keep the colt from galloping all afternoon when he was supposed to trot and Scotland Comet belonging to Thomas Thomas of Cleveland finished third in the final results.

The victory for Ben White was his third in the history of the classic, a new Hambletonian record. Previously he had won with Mary Reynolds in 1933 and with Rosalind in 1936.

Cleveland Buys Rookie Stars From Baltimore in Odd Deal

BALTIMORE — The Orioles have sold Bill Robinson, slugging first baseman, and Tex Sczepkowski (you pronounce it), 18-year old second baseman, to the Cleveland Indians for an estimated price of $10,000 each.

The Indians purchased the rookies under an agreement made when Baltimore became a Cleveland farm, giving the parent club the right to select any two players at a fixed price.

The market value of the pair was estimated at $100,000. Neither are eligible for the draft, Robinson being in 3A and Sczepskowski under the age limit.

Indians Sign Boudreau To New 3-Year Contract

CLEVELAND—The Cleveland Indians don't have a Bobby Feller in their lineup and only one regular has been hitting above the .300 mark (Rookie Les Fleming), but Manager Lou Boudreau's success in keeping the Tribe fighting for second place has won him a new three-year contract.

President Alva Bradley tore up Boudreau's two-year contract which had another season to go and substituted a new agreement, which carries through 1945 and gives the 25-year old pilot a pay raise to boot.

GLORIA CALLEN, the glamorous swimming star, broke her own 100 meter backstroke record at the National A.A.U. championships in Neenah, Wis., covering the distance in 1:17.5, four-tenths of a second faster than the old mark.

Standlee Comes Through Channels To Bolster Army Football Team

NEW HAVEN—Things are looking up here at Yale's DeWitt Cuyler Field, where Col. Bob Neyland, the former Tennessee coach, is whipping the Eastern section of the Army All-Star football squad into shape for the opening game with the New York Giants Sept. 12 in the Polo Grounds.

Main reason for the optimism is Cpl. Norman Standlee, the former Stanford and Chicago Bears star, who has arrived to take over the fullback duties. Neyland was giving up hope of ever seeing Standlee.

The 237 pound fullback hadn't received his transfer orders and left his Coast Artillery outfit in California to take a furlough before entering O.C.S. Finally the request for his presence in New Haven arrived through channels and Standlee was located at his home. He lost no time taking a train to Connecticut.

Standlee Fits System

"Those orders went through channels all right," he said. "Seemed like they went through the English and Irish Channels and got lost in the fog."

On his first day in camp here, Standlee settled any doubts Col. Neyland had about his filling the bill for the important fullback position. The colonel had feared that Norm, schooled in the T formation as a bowl 'em over and knock 'em down runner, would not be agile enough for him.

The Tennessee system calls for a fullback who can fake and spin and dart through quick-opening holes, rather than a straight line crasher.

Wanted: One Wingback

Standlee had never tried spinning before he came here but he was an apt pupil and took to the intricacies of spinner plays like a baby does to candy. He is remarkably fast for his huge bulk.

With the fullback problem settled in great style, Col. Neyland took steps to relieve the wingback situation. Cpl. Steve Bagarus and Lieut. Don Forney of North Dakota fill all specifications for this job except in size.

To get a bigger man for the spot, the colonel sent an S. O. S. to Major Wallace Wade at Camp Cooke, and big Hal Van Every of Minnesota and Green Bay was dispatched to the eastern squad. Van Every is very fast and an accurate passer, adding another threat to the offense.

Other positions on the squad are being well taken care of so Col. Neyland lopped off 22 men and sent them back to their regular Army duties to bring the detachment's total to 57.

Among these were Lieuts. Darold Jenkins, Missouri captain and all-American center, and Mike Byelene of Purdue, Sgt. Nate Schenker of the Cleveland Rams and Cpl. Vike Francis of Nebraska.

Army All-Star Grid Line-Up in the East

NEW HAVEN—Here are the officers and men on the Army's Eastern All Star football squad:

Centers—Lieutenants Tom Greenfield, Anthony Calvelli, Chester Chesney and Cary Cox; Private Henry Adams.

Guards—Lieutenants Mike Gussie, Roy Bucek and Charles Henke; Corporals Al Baisi, Bob Sherrod and Dave Difilippo; Privates Frank Kapriva and Tarzan White.

Tackles—Lieutenant Marshall Shires, Sergeants Joe Daniels and Clark Goff; Corporals John Mellus and Walter Barnes; Privates Roman Piskor, Rex Gandy, Tom Gould, Hodges West and Floyd Spendlove.

Ends—Lieutenants Alva Kelley, Wallace Swanson, Robert Orf, Robert Friedlund, James Sterling, Eino Sarkkinen and George Carter; Sergeants Frank Delmonico and Robert Campbell; Privates Frank Clair, Jack Russell and Chris Pavich.

Quarterbacks—Lieutenants Sam Bartholomew, Vic Spaddaccini, John Patrick and Wilbur Dees; Corporal W. H. Tamm; Privates Charles Seabright and Lee Sherman.

Tailbacks—Captain John Pingel; Lieutenants Ermal Allen and Harry Johnson; Corporals Nick Basca and George Cafego.

Wingbacks—Lieutenants Don Forney and Daniel Desantis; Sergeant Robert Cone; Corporal Steve Bagarus; Privates Walter Craig and Jim Schwarzinger.

Fullbacks—Lieutenant Leonard Coffman; Corporals Norman Standlee and Kenneth Fryer; Private William Smaltz.

Army Takes Hitchcock, Tebbetts From Tigers

DETROIT—The Army has called Shortstop Billy Hitchcock and Catcher Birdie Tebbetts away from the Detroit Tigers.

Hitchcock, a lieutenant in the reserve, reported to a Florida base, while Tebbetts was inducted as a private from his home town of Nashua, N. H.

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SPORTS: MacPHAIL'S MAD AT HIS BUMS FOR BEATING NATIONAL LEAGUE

BY CPL. JOE McCARTHY

The Dodgers have the National League pennant tucked away in their vest pocket but Larry MacPhail is disgusted. In a word, the red-faced general manager of the Flatbush Bums thinks that his club stinks.

Lawrence, as Bill Klem calls him, returned to Brooklyn recently after a peaceful week of rest at his Maryland stock farm where a flood washed away two of his barns, a silo, the out-house and several favorite pigs. He sat in his usual seat at Ebbets Field and sourly watched Larry French win his 12th game of the season from the Phils.

MacPhail Sounds Off

Then he called the whole squad to the clubhouse and gave them a piece of his mind. When MacPhail gives somebody a piece of his mind, they have to call up a contractor and hire a steam shovel and several two and a half ton trucks to haul it away because Larry is very generous with his language.

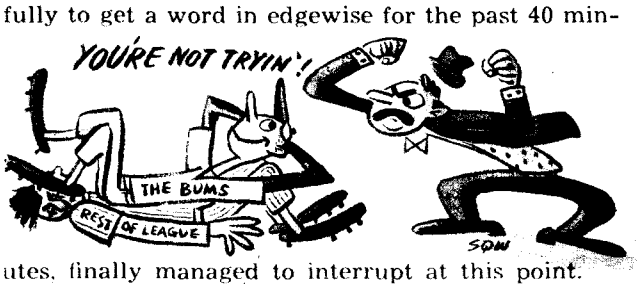
In fact, if MacPhail wasn't around the Dodgers would have to give the general manager's job to Gracie Allen. She and MacPhail are the only two people East or West of the Mississippi River who can talk longer than Leo Durocher.

We can only give you a few scattered quotes from MacPhail's oration to his Dodgers because this paper only has 24 pages and the managing editor wants to save a little space for Sgt. Ralph Stein's cartoons and a picture of some movie actress that he has a crush on but, anyway, Larry spent the first hour and a half saying that the Bums wouldn't finish in the money if they didn't start playing baseball.

Only Six Bums Hustle

He said that only six of the Dodgers were even half trying—Reese, Medwick, Owen, Davis, French and Casey. The rest of the team, he declared, were not showing the slightest effort.

Durocher, who had been endeavoring unsuccessfully to get a word in edgewise for the past 40 min-



utes, finally managed to interrupt at this point.

"Listen—" he said.

"You listen to me," MacPhail yelled. "And you, Owen, don't ask me again if you can have one of those thoroughbred Glen Argus calves from my farm in Maryland."

"But I'm trying to tell you, boss," Durocher persisted. "Maybe it's just as well only six of the boys are hustling. We're so far in front now that all the other teams in the league aren't doing any business. If eight or ten guys on the squad ever started to hustle, the Reds and the Cubs would quit and go home."

Even Frick Gets Blasted

"Don't mention those Cubs or those Reds to me," MacPhail hollered. "Why, Jimmy Wilson has said he'd like to see the Cardinals beat us. Wilson doesn't want us to win the pennant. And do you think Ford Frick wants you to win the pennant? NO. Do you think Dan Parker of the Daily Mirror wants you to win the pennant? NO. Or Billy Southworth or Bill McKechnie? They're just living for the day when Brooklyn blows the pennant!"

Then he launched into another paragraph, complaining because the Bums weren't 20 games ahead of the rest of the league and stating flatly that the team wasn't as good as the Dodgers of 1941.

This criticism gradually incensed Dixie Walker,

Larry MacPhail and a few of his Brooklyn admirers.

who never exactly counted MacPhail among his best friends.

"The way you're moaning," Walker said, "you seem to think we're only going to win this flag by one game. I'll bet you $100 we take it by at least eight games."

MacPhail quickly changed the subject.

"I have bought you $5,944.20 worth of bats," he cried. "If you don't begin to use them soon, I will take them down to my Maryland farm and build a spite fence."

But the Speech Brings Results

Lawrence would probably be still talking if Durocher didn't interrupt again. "Hey, Larry," he said. "It's almost seven o'clock and these fellows haven't had anything to eat. They want to go home."

"Never mind that," said MacPhail. "What did that Jimmy Wilson say? 'I want the Cards, not the Dodgers, to win.' Wilson himself is in seventh place."

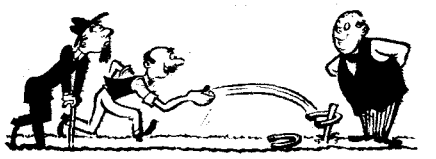
So the Dodgers hurried home to their waiting wives, trying to think up alibis because no woman would ever believe her baseball playing husband had been bawled out by the general manager for

two and a half hours because the team was winning the National League pennant.

But Larry MacPhail, the guiding spirit who gave the Dodgers night baseball, organ music, chartered planes for road trips and Red Barber's radio broadcasts, knew what he was doing.

The next day, they went out on Ebbets Field for a doubleheader with the Braves and got 26 hits.

HOME TOWN SPORT NEWS



PHILADELPHIA—Andy Tomasic, the former Temple tailback star, is having a big season on the softball field with Bendix of the American Industrial League. His latest victory was a three-hit shutout which clinched the first-half championship for his team. . . . Tommy Hughes, Phillies' 22-year-old right hander, has won seven of his last nine starts after losing ten in the first 11 of the season. The Phils won't hit for him, nine of his defeats being by a one-run margin.

SAN DIEGO — Marvin Braddock, 14-year-old par and sub-par shooter on the Municipal Course, is being tabbed as a coming golf champion.

SEATTLE—The Seattle Skiffmen lost the services of Catcher Bill Beard who joined Uncle Sam's fighters, but gained in his place Ed Kearse, for a while No. 3 receiver for the Yankees this season.

ST. LOUIS—Ken Willard, Ozark diving champion and ex-Northwestern star, has been granted a first lieutenant's commission in the Air Corps.

CHICAGO—Jimmy Foxx, veteran first baseman who is in the worst hitting slump of his career, has said he will quit playing ball before he will accept a pinch-hitting bench role.

MILWAUKEE—Ted Gullic, slugging outfield veteran for the Brewers, turned down an offer by President George Trautman of the American Association to become an umpire. Ted likes Charlie Grimm's managing of the Brewers and will continue to play for the team, which is in the thick of the pennant race.

DALLAS—The Dallas Rebels of the Texas League are floundering around in the cellar of the loop standings. Currently they are in the midst of the season's longest losing streak —12 games. . . . Charlie Simmons, local heavyweight, won the State TAAF title.

PITTSBURGH — Walter Kiesling, third of the three coaches who handled the Pittsburgh Steelers last year, is in full charge of the team at its Hershey training camp. With Tailback Art Jones in the Army, Kiesling is counting heavily on Johnny Butler, Tennessee scat back, to fill the key offensive spot.

TEXAS LEAGUE
(Aug. 17)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Beaumont	75	50	.600	San Antonio	66	60	.524
Shreveport	71	54	.568	Tulsa	69	63	.523
Ft. Worth	71	59	.546	Okla. City	51	80	.389
Houston	68	59	.535	Dallas	42	88	.323

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE
(Aug. 17)

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
Los Angeles	83	54	.606	San Francisco	67	71	.486
Sacramento	80	58	.580	Oakland	64	74	.464
Seattle	75	63	.543	Hollywood	61	78	.439
San Diego	71	68	.511	Portland	51	86	.372

LEAGUE LEADERS
(As of Aug. 17)

BATTING

Player and Club	G.	AB.	R.	H.	Pct.
NATIONAL LEAGUE					
Reiser, Brooklyn	93	363	75	122	.336
Lombardi, Boston	82	228	23	74	.325
Medwick, Brooklyn	109	421	56	136	.323
Musial, St. Louis	101	332	64	105	.316
Slaughter, St. Louis	112	443	71	139	.314
AMERICAN LEAGUE					
Williams, Boston	112	389	100	137	.352
Gordon, New York	107	395	63	134	.339
Wright, Chicago	77	269	40	89	.331
Spence, Wash.	109	456	69	150	.329
Pesky, Boston	109	454	72	145	.319

HOME RUNS

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	25	Camilli, Dodgers	20
Laabs, Browns	21	Ott, Giants	19
Keller, Yankees	19	Mize, Giants	19

RUNS BATTED IN

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	100	Medwick, Dodgers	79
DiMaggio, Yanks	81	Slaughter, Cards	76
Stephens, Br'ns	79	Elliott, Pirates	76

Keep It Quiet—Navy Marksmen Beat Army

SYRACUSE—Keep it under your hat but Naval aviators captured the annual national skeet shoot championships here. The sailors sank everything in sight, including a favored Army squad, to take top honors.

Lieut. Commander Frank R. Kelly's Navy sharpshooters from air stations all over the country rolled up a team total of 1233 points in the three-day competition to edge out the Army by five birds.

Members of the winning combinations were Lieuts. George Deyoe, Bill Ragsdale, Doug Hadden and Alex Kerr and Ensign Bill Perdue.

Representing the Army were Capt. Bob Canfield, Lieuts. George Hubbard, D. C. Brown and Hank Joy, Jr. and Pvt. Dick Shaughnessy.

LEE WINS SECOND TITLE

COLUMBUS, O.—Sammy Lee of Occidental College, Pasadena, Cal. edged Ohio State's Miller Anderson in a National A. A. U. title event at Olympic Pool here.

STEELERS TRADE HOLDOUT

PITTSBURGH — The Pittsburgh Steelers have traded Holdout George Platukis, a veteran end, to the Cleveland Rams for Guard Milt Simington and Fullback John Binotto.

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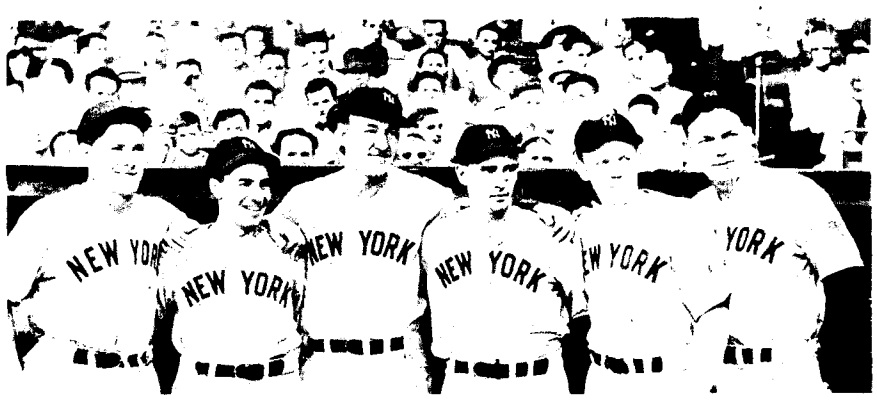
Frick Fires Beanball at Managers



NEW DOUBLE PLAY RECORD—These New York Yankees, Buddy Hassett, Phil Rizzuto, Pitcher Johnny Murphy, Joe Gordon, Red Rolfe and Catcher Bill Dickey, made seven double plays in one game with the Athletics Aug. 14, breaking the old record, which was held by the 1933 Senators.

MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS (AS OF AUGUST 17TH)

(YANK'S big circulation forces it to press a week before publication date and therefore readers in the U.S. will find these standings old stuff. They are printed for men overseas who never get daily sport news and are glad to see how the leagues are doing, even if figures are not up to the minute.)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Brooklyn	St. Louis	New York	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Boston	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
Brooklyn	—	8	8	13	11	15	12	12	79	34	.699	—
St. Louis	8	—	13	9	8	11	11	11	71	42	.628	8
New York	6	6	—	10	10	10	8	13	63	53	.543	17
Cincinnati	5	7	7	—	9	6	14	10	58	54	.518	20½
Pittsburgh	4	6	7	4	—	9	10	12	52	59	.468	27
Chicago	4	5	8	8	10	—	8	11	54	66	.450	28½
Boston	5	6	7	4	6	10	—	10	48	69	.410	33
Phila.	2	4	3	6	5	5	6	—	31	79	.282	46½
Games lost	34	42	53	54	59	66	69	79	—	—		

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Boston	Cleveland	St. Louis	Detroit	Chicago	Washington	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
New York	—	8	11	12	10	13	9	13	76	38	.667	—
Boston	5	—	9	8	12	9	13	8	64	50	.561	12
Cleveland	6	7	—	8	6	8	12	15	62	54	.534	15
St. Louis	6	9	7	—	7	11	8	12	60	57	.513	17½
Detroit	7	6	11	9	—	9	7	10	59	62	.488	20½
Chicago	5	7	6	4	9	—	10	9	50	61	.450	24½
Wash'ton	3	6	5	10	10	4	—	8	46	65	.414	28½
Phila.	6	7	5	6	8	7	6	—	45	75	.375	34
Games lost	38	50	54	57	62	61	65	75	—	—		

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ARMY ADDRESS

Remember there's a 25c service charge for checks drawn on Foreign Banks

National League Will Fine Them If Their Pitchers Aim Too Close

NEW YORK—Pitching for somebody's pate instead of the plate is a major national league problem these days. They call it beanball, as if you didn't know.

Guys on the mound have been throwing baseballs at people's noggins like you would throw a hand grenade at some Jap or other, and it is all not very pleasant to President Ford Frick of the National League.

PVT. CECIL TRAVERS, former Senator, now star of the Camp Wheeler nine, gets inspected by his manager, Sgt. Milt Rosner, after running into a barbed wire fence, chasing a fly ball.

Rawhide Artillery

Beanball reached its peak not long ago in Chicago. The Dodgers and Cubs started throwing baseballs at each other like crazy. It came to a climax when Herman Bithorn, the home town pitcher, lost his temper, made a careful azimuth reading of distances and threw one straight and true at the Brooklyn bench. There are those who say he was gunning for Leo Durocher.

President Frick fined Bithorn 25 bucks and told all concerned not to do it again. But they did. A few weeks later, Whitlow Wyatt of the Bums and Manuel Salvo of the Braves stage another terrific duster competition in Boston.

The fines this time mounted to 50 and 75 bucks.

MacPhail Fights Back

In the future, announced the national league in a special mid-afternoon communique, the managers of guilty pitchers would be fined 200 smackers. That didn't appeal to the Scotsman, Larry MacPhail, who thought the ruling was a beanball aimed for his club. "If other pitchers throw at our players," he declared, "we'll throw right back at them, two for one, whether it costs us $200 or $400."

The American League doesn't have beanball troubles because it has a standing rule that any pitcher aiming at a batter's head shall be removed from the game, fined $500 and suspended for 10 days.

The National League has never adopted such measures because Bill Klem, the director of umpires, has always argued that it is impossible to prove that a beanball is deliberate. But Frick is cracking down now and ordering the umpires to take strict steps to discourage duster tactics that may lead to serious injuries.

All in all, Frick has been having his troubles this season. The Dodgers have outclassed the rest of the National League so clearly that the box office has suffered. Disputes over twilight ball regulations have been another headache. And now the beanball.

Red Sox Rookie Shines

As the leagues go through the motions waiting for the Yankees and the Dodgers officially to win the pennants, Clyde Passeau of the Cubs and Tex Hughson of the Red Sox establish themselves as the pitchers of the year.

Passeau has won his 16th victory against 8 defeats as this is being written and Hughson, a rookie from Texas, is winning 15 and losing only three games. The Red Sox youngster's record is especially remarkable because he didn't start pitching this season until May 15.

The hottest team in baseball over the past two weeks has been the Washington Senators, who reared out of the American League cellar to win 12 of 16 games.

Milnar Pitches Heartbreaker

The Senators, with excellent pitching from Buck Newsom, Sid Hudson and Alex Carrasquel, pulled six games ahead of the Philadelphia A's, their basement rivals all season.

While this was happening, the Cleveland Indians dropped seven games and tied another in eight at their home stamping grounds to relinquish second place to the Boston Red Sox.

The heart breaker of this streak was a 14-inning scoreless game Southpaw Al Milnar tossed against the Tigers. Milnar didn't allow a hit until the eight and two-third innings went by and gave up only two over the entire route. But Tommy Bridges blanked the Indians too until darkness halted play.

Immediately after the management turned on the lights and started the second game of this doubleheader. An odd American League rule prohibits the turning on of lights for a game started in daylight.

Slide, Yank, Slide— And Use Your Spikes

LONDON—The playing fields of Eton are still turning out good soldiers but Jan Masaryk, Czechoslovak foreign minister, feels that Yankee Stadium, Ebbetts Field, and the various minor league, high school and sand lot baseball diamonds can give the Allies a lot of help in this war.

Returning from a recent stay in the U. S., Masaryk gave this quote to the New York Post:

"There is a fundamental difference in the mental and verbal reactions of the Americans and the British. The British play cricket, the Americans play baseball and I am definitely of the opinion that this is a baseball war. Whether we like it or not, we must slide quickly to the base and even spike our opponent if there is an opportunity.

"There is a great deal to be said for both games and far be it from me to try to detract anything from cricket. The Americans sometimes jump to conclusions too quickly, the British not quickly enough. To co-ordinate these two national phenomena is one of the prerequisites of our victory."

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Our Beachhead

THE ARMY NEWSPAPER

By Sgt. Robert L. Moora
Yank's London Bureau Manager

LONDON—You can call this Genesis, for it is plain that we are in the midst of the Great Beginning. American troops—battle-hardened through months of exhausting training—have crossed the English channel as Washington crossed the Delaware, and they have slapped Adolf Hitler one in his teeth.

They went with the Canadians, the British, and the Free French, these American Rangers. They flashed across the channel in invasion boats on August 19, 1942, and that is the day to write down in the history books, for that is the first time that a Yank has had a crack at a German on a European Field of Battle in this war.

Those who went on that historic attack to France went with the name of Rogers Rangers, the rough, tough "original commandos" of the Revolutionary War.

Their training paid off.

Every Ranger who went into action on the giant raid had learned to kill with his bare hands. He had learned how to garrote an enemy silently, how to cripple those he wanted for prisoners.

The port of Dieppe where Yank Rangers first struck at Nazis

He had been through the hellish paces both by day and by night, and he had learned to march up to 100 miles in two days with little rest and few rations. He had marched through rivers, and had struggled through underbrush. He had learned to wiggle through barbed wire. He had seen little puffs of live rifle bullets spattering up the dirt around him on those maneuvers, and he had heard the live bullets whizzing over his head.

American troops rehearsing in Britain for the Big Show

He had grappled with fellow soldier in hand-to-hand combat.

And he had, with endless patience, been put through the paces of actual landing operations by night.

It was by night that the Rangers, with the British and Canadians, bore down on the Nazi-held citadel of Dieppe which lies across the smoothest part of the English channel.

Long before dawn, according to the first reports, a battle had broken into full fury. In vast relays, American and British fighter planes swarmed overhead, ranging as far to the east as Abbeville, some 45 miles away. They were well-covered.

The Germans claimed immediately that this was a real invasion attempt. At this writing, as YANK goes to press, the British say it was merely one vast, well-planned raid, and perhaps that may be the story.

But one thing sure: It is the beginning. It marks the first time that we have landed on the coast of Nazi-held territory, and it gave Adolf Hitler a taste of things to come.

Only a matter of hours before the Dieppe raid, I had been at an English airdrome watching the first full-fledged American bombing teams take off on an excursion to the Nazi-held French city of Rouen which lies just a comparatively few miles south of Dieppe.

The occasion, altogether, was thoroughly American. The planes had names like Stinky and Skunkface. Yankee Doodle was the name of one of them and Berlin Sleeper of another. Typically American, the humor of those names.

Once they had taken off and the steady thunder of their motors had ebbed away, once they were over the channel, there was nothing to do but wait, and it was anxious waiting. General Spaatz was in the control tower the whole time and he told those near him:

"This is only the start. We are going to keep up these raids."

You could tell by the way he said it that he meant it.

I got talking to Staff Sgt. Robert L. Gudkin of Brooklyn, assistant air crew chief on the plane named Stinky, and he said what many another non-com wanted to say: "I'm more nervous than the guys flying the damned things." He lit another cigarette, and his hands *were* steady, but I guess he felt a little nervous inside all right.

Our eyes got squinted up a little watching the bright clear skies, and waiting.

Suddenly, there was a faint, far-away hum that started growing, steadily into one roar, louder and ever-louder. Then we saw them. All had returned.

The official report said:

"We bombed railway yards and engine repair sheds in Rouen from high level. Did not meet as strong opposition as expected. Near the target some anti-aircraft bursts were observed. A few FW-190's approached our machines but the enemy seemed to fall out of range."

But that was an officer's report, and officers have a way of being dignified about such things.

The enlisted men were not. They were exuberant, even hours after the planes had sat down and were waiting to be loaded up with bombs again. There is nothing very dignified about planes with names like Stinky and Skunkface, but they can be very impressive flying around in the right places—like Rouen. And Berlin, maybe.

Realistic British commando maneuvers. These were the tactics used at Dieppe

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